

FOOTBALL'S GREATEST GAME ■ REMEMBER THE PUEBLO!

# Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

Fall 1988 \$1.50 £1.35

1963  
CONQUEST



1958  
SCANDAL



1948  
UPSET



1938  
PANIC



1968

WHY JACKIE  
MARRIED ARI

By Maxine Cheshire Warren



Behind the Scenes of  
*Gone With the Wind*

Alger Hiss: Did He  
or Didn't He?



06720

# Pluck. Pluck Pluck. Pluck Pluck Pluck.

*Isn't it time to  
change the  
way you deal  
with gray?*

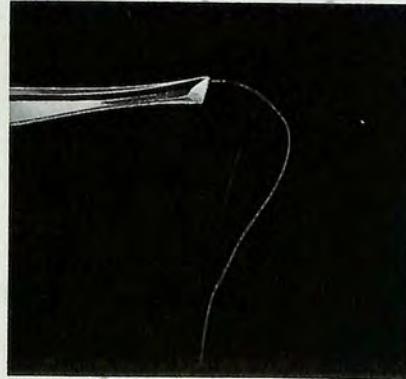
How many gray hairs  
are you going to pluck  
before you face up to the  
problem?

Are you going to let your-  
self go gray? Are you ready

new lipstick.

But there's haircoloring  
and haircoloring.

Did you know there's one  
that's as gentle to the hair  
as a shampoo? It's called  
Loving Care®, it's made by  
Clairol, and it's perfect for  
covering gray.



to adjust to that new gray  
image of yourself? Or will  
you decide to keep looking  
young and attractive, with  
hair that sends out a message  
of health, beauty and vigor?

It's not a decision to be  
taken lightly, we know. De-  
ciding to use haircoloring is  
not the same as choosing a

Loving Care bathes each  
strand of hair with beauti-  
ful, natural-looking color.  
(With 23 shades to choose  
from, it's easy to match your  
own natural color.) It wash-  
es out gradually in about  
six shampoos. It stays

natural-looking, too; there are no "roots."

Since there's no peroxide or ammonia, Loving Care won't hurt your hair. In fact, this gentle haircoloring will give your hair body, gloss and a healthy look.

Before you pluck another gray hair, stop and think. Nature is forcing you to make

a decision. Which will it be: gray hair or Loving Care?



**Gray hair  
or Loving Care.**





A pinch of  
cinnamon.  
A bit  
of apple.  
The perfect  
pick for a  
fireside  
chat.

Lipton.  
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Cinnamon  
Apple

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# Memories

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## FROM THE EDITOR

# Very Pleased to Meet You

**W**ow! Little did I anticipate the response when I invited readers to let us know "which of our features you liked (and which you didn't), and what you would like to see more or less of in future issues." We received more than 500 of the most generous, thoughtful, intelligent and helpful letters any editor could hope for. (See pages 94 and 95 for a sample.)

For a while there, each morning felt like Christmas. You sent us cards, poems, clippings, presents (books, Black Jack chewing gum and Horlick's Malted Milk), even photographs of yourselves. One reader wrote to us on a paper towel; she explained it was the crack of dawn and the towel was the only paper she could find without waking the entire household. And she just had to write, that minute. We're glad she did. We're glad so many of you did.

Your letters were wonderfully useful, not only for the wealth of good ideas they contained, but for helping us arrive at an understanding of our audience, not that it can be easily described. As far as we can tell from your letters and from the questionnaires that many of you were kind enough to fill out, you are young and old, male and female, rich and poor. But we can make a few generalizations: More than half of you have gone to college and more than three-quarters of you work at least part-time. And 60 percent of you are married. What you all seem to share, in addition to an interest in the past, is optimism about the future. You're involved; you enjoy living. Finding out that, on average, you spent a whopping 2½ hours reading our premier issue was a gratifying revelation. Please keep those cards and letters coming. (Go easy on the compliments, though; our heads are already swelled.)

Helping me answer these great letters has been an assistant whose efficiency, cheery personality and friendly telephone manner have long enabled an often disorganized and slothful editor to maintain good relations with the outside world. Patty Greenbaum performs more duties than space allows me to list; suffice to say she keeps this ship on even keel and the crew out of trouble.

I wrote in the first issue that "creating a new magazine has more in common with giving birth than you might think." While the rest of the staff busied itself with producing a second issue, I'm delighted to report that Patty and her husband, Bill, took my words to heart. Their first baby is due about the time this issue goes on sale. Talk about making memories!



**Patty Greenbaum: Taking words to heart.**

*Carey Winfrey*



©1986, COMPAR, Inc. Photograph by Joel Baldwin.



Hello?

*Is this the man with the secret tattoo? .*

Now that you know about it, it's not  
a secret anymore, is it?

*Your tattoo is safe with me. Were  
you able to get a taxi ?*

I walked home.

*And how was Paris while all the  
sensible folk were still in bed?*

It was grey and drizzling and  
bloody marvelous. I kept making  
up poems with your name in  
them. Also a love song that, for  
rhyming reasons, ended up being  
all about your right elbow. I don't  
think my feet touched the ground  
once all the way home.

*I meant to tell you. I love the way  
you smell. Most men's colognes  
make them smell like they take  
themselves too seriously.*

I thank you. My Paco Rabanne  
cologne thanks you. My mother  
thanks you.

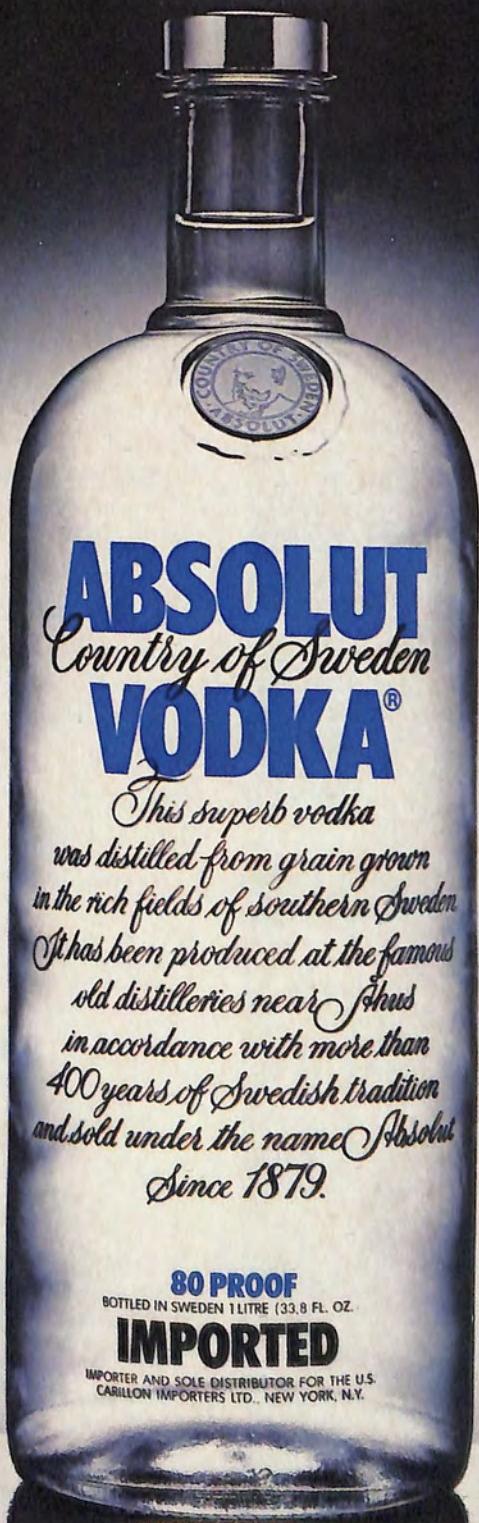
*Your mother would never approve of  
what you and your Paco Rabanne  
do to me, so let's leave her out of  
this. Am I going to see your tattoo  
again tonight?*

That's up to you, isn't it?



Paco Rabanne  
For men

What is remembered is up to you



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# Memories

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO, FALL 1988

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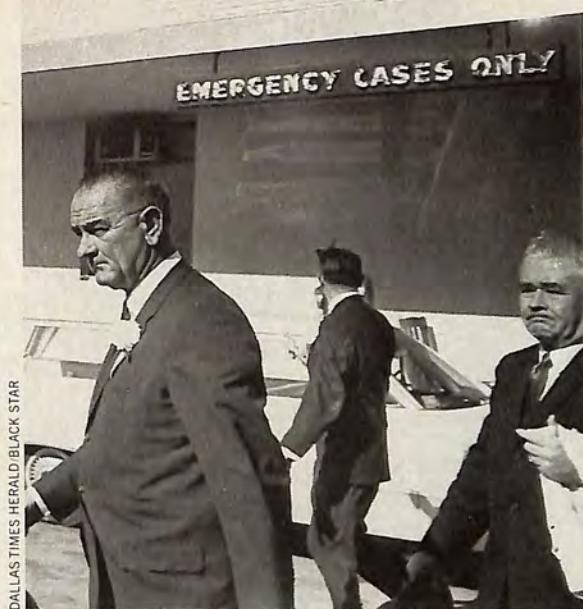
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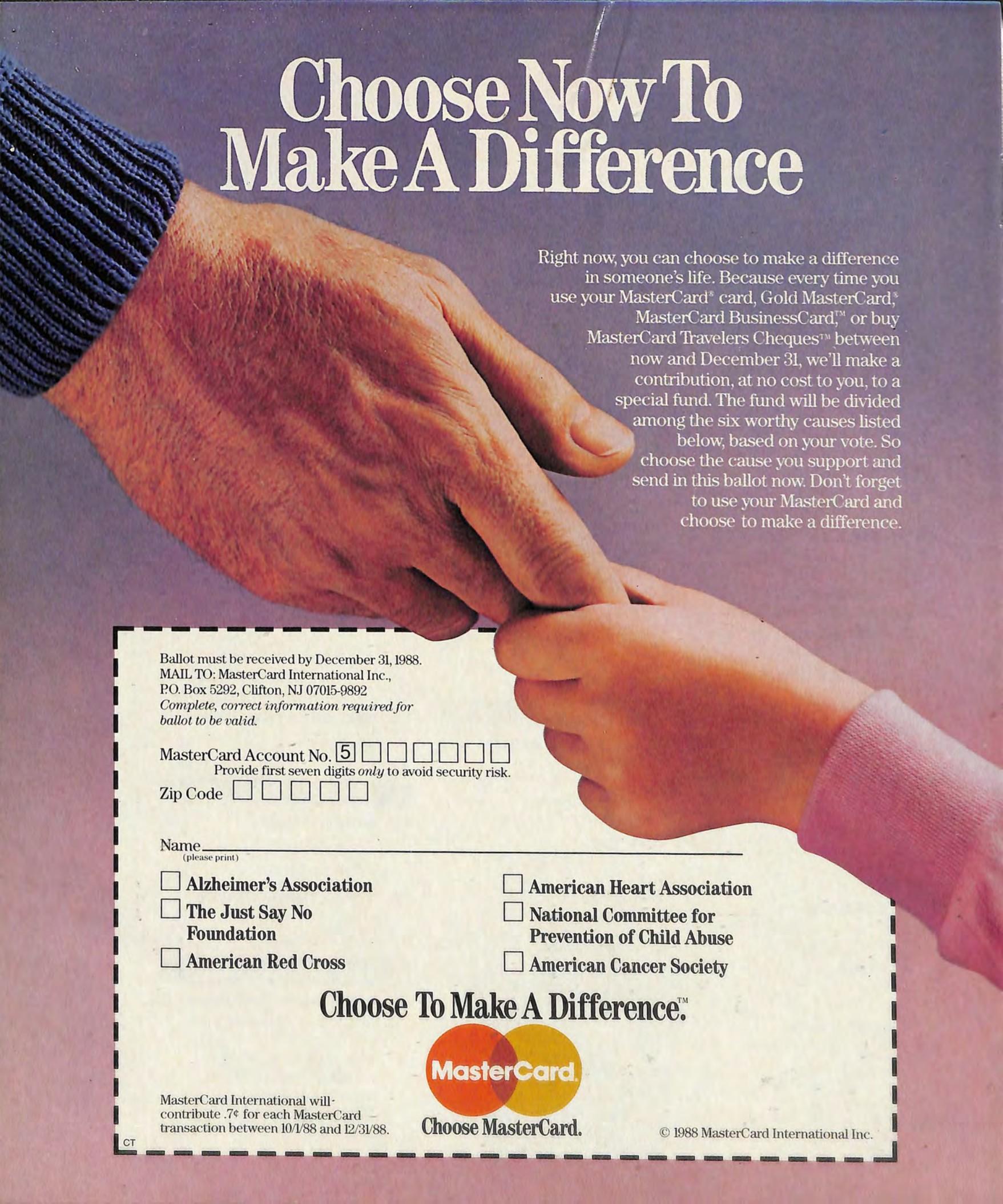


BILL RAY/LIFE MAGAZINE ©1968 TIME INC.

Jackie and Ari: Fishbowl marriage. PAGE 82

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to rattle their jewels. PAGE 70

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## INDELIBLE IMAGES

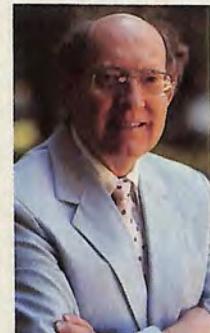
# A Show of Hands

### A BIT SHY

WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION IN 1975, *National Geographic* photographer Dean Conger, who speaks some Russian, heard about a school in Murmansk, where the winters were so long and dark that children needed sunlamp treatments. He thought the contrast of suntans and snow might make good pictures and went there. "When I saw this particular little girl, I knelt down and asked her how old she was. She was just a bit shy, and she knew I was strange—dressed differently and speaking with an accent—so in answer she held up four fingers."

"We tried to locate her on a subsequent trip," says Conger. "The Russians didn't seem too interested in helping us. It would have made a good follow-up. In a sense she's famous and probably doesn't know it."

Conger's book, *Journey Across Russia: The Soviet Union Today*, was published in 1978 and won that year's World Understanding Award from the National Press Photographers Association. Since then he has contributed photographs to another book, *Journey Into China*, published in 1982. Named Newspaper Photographer of the Year three times by the N.P.P.A. and twice Magazine Photographer of the Year, he continues to work for the National Geographic Association.



Conger

SID HASTINGS

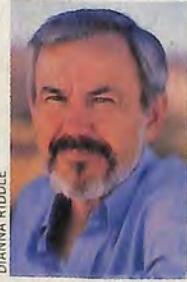


### TOO MUCH ANGUISH

ON HIS WAY TO SEE A MOVIE, AUG. 28, 1968, FRANK PLADA, 17, came upon a confrontation between Chicago police and demonstrators at the Democratic National Convention. His graphic opinion of the city's finest was captured by *Chicago Daily News* photographer Perry Riddle, who was standing behind police lines. Although the newspaper considered the photograph obscene and delayed running it, it was widely published when Riddle was named Photographer of the Year for 1968 by the National Press Photographers Association. He now works for the *Los Angeles Times*.

Ironically, Frank Plada had about as much in common with the student protesters he came to symbolize as he did with the police. He had not gone to high school, much less college, and had no strong feelings about the Vietnam War. In fact, several weeks after the photograph was taken, Plada enlisted in the Army. He was sent to Vietnam, where he became addicted to heroin and amphetamines.

By the time he was discharged in 1971, Plada was suffering from nightmares and seizures. He had married his childhood sweetheart, and together they had a boy and a girl. Plada was desperately trying to wean himself from methadone. Then, in the early hours of Jan. 1, 1976, his lungs collapsed and he died. Doctors said the cause was too many drugs. His mother said he died from too much anguish.



Riddle

DIANNA RIDDELL



CHICAGO SUN-TIMES/PERRY C. RIDDLE



PERRY C. RIDDLE

## PERSONAL EXPRESSION

TOMMIE SMITH BRISTLES WHEN ASKED ABOUT THE GESTURE that made him and his teammate, John Carlos, more famous than winning their gold and bronze medals in the 200-meter sprint at the 1968 Olympic Games. "It was not a black-power salute," he says. "Please don't call it that. It was a very personal expression that grew out of years of work on the Olympic Project for Human Rights." Smith and Carlos, like many black Olympians, wanted to call attention to apartheid in South Africa and the lack of black coaches on the U.S. team. While some chose to boycott the Games that year, others expressed their feelings by wearing black armbands and berets. For raising their gloved fists during the national anthem, Smith and Carlos were banned from future Olympic competition.

Smith was angered by false reports that he and Carlos were disqualified or expelled, and he now distrusts the press. "Disqualified is eliminated, like you never existed," he says. "That's not what happened. We kept our medals, and after the Games we got the rings, the certificates, the gifts that the others got. And no," he goes on, anticipating the next question, "we were never thrown out of Mexico City."

Regrets? None at all. "It's been said that we embarrassed the American public. But if the American people are embarrassed by two black athletes on the victory stand representing all of the American people, then they have a very limited view of society."

Now 44, Smith teaches physical education at Santa Monica (Calif.) College, where he's a member of the academic senate and an adviser on affirmative action. He is also on the board of stewards of the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church he has attended since childhood. Married and a proud father of four, Smith likes to amuse his children by drawing cartoons.

ALAN D. LEVENS/TIME MAGAZINE



Smith



Carlos

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Teammate John Carlos, 42, a public relations coordinator during the 1984 Olympics, works part-time as a plumber. He has written his autobiography, as yet unpublished. He and his wife, Charlene, live in Altadena, Calif.



BETH KOCH

## CROSSED PURPOSES

BETH KOCH, A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER, KNEW NOT TO argue when 3½-year-old David Beek insisted on including Sidney, his Siamese playmate, in a photo session. When Sidney turned camera-shy, David administered some hands-on guidance in the art of posing. "It looks worse than it was," says Beek, now 25 and a recent graduate of Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colo. "Sidney's eyes were always crossed. I didn't do it."

The fur really flew when *Life* ran the photo in its May 16, 1969, issue. Outraged pet owners canceled their subscriptions and some advertisers withdrew their ads. Movie star Doris Day, an animal-rights activist, was among the many who scolded the magazine for publishing the picture.

Blissfully unaware of the ruckus, the then six-month-old Sidney lived for several years after the photo session. Since his passing, David has owned a succession of dogs, from Afghans to poodles. "Actually," he says, "I wouldn't mind having another cat. It's just that cats and dogs don't mix too well." Not as well as cats and kids.



Beek and Koch

BETH KOCH

# A Golden Anniversary Tribute to *The Wizard of Oz*



## We're Off to See the Wizard

Nearly 50 years ago Dorothy and Toto started their adventure down the yellow brick road. Since then, each new generation has thrilled to the fantasy of *The Wizard of Oz*, one of the best-loved movies of all time.

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"We're Off to See the Wizard" and each plate in *The Wizard of Oz Commemorative Plate Collection* will be limited to a total of 14 firing days, hand-numbered, and officially certified.

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Wizard of Oz enthusiasts and plate collectors have shown strong interest in this commemorative limited edition. So send your application today!

- Limited edition plate
- Actual size: 8½"
- "Yellow brick road" border of 23K gold

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**Respond by: December 31, 1988**

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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# Prime-Tir

*Garrick*



MARY ALICE WILLIAMS  
VISITATION CONVENT, ST. PAUL,  
MINN. 1967  
Glee Club, Drama Club,  
Literary Staff (for  
yearbook), Girls'  
Athletic Association,  
Steenman Award for  
Poetry.



SAM DONALDSON  
NEW MEXICO MILITARY  
ACADEMY, ROSWELL, N.M. 1951  
Sam received high  
marks and was  
promoted to Cadet  
Sergeant.



JOHN CHANCELLOR  
DE PAUL ACADEMY, CHICAGO,  
ILL. 1943  
Engineering Club,  
French Club, Track,  
Tennis.



BERNARD SHAW  
DUNBAR VOCATIONAL HIGH  
SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL. 1959  
Pres. Student Council;  
Pres. Umbrella Citywide  
High Schools Council;  
Pres. Junior Red Cross;  
reporter for school  
newspaper; Baseball;  
Cross-country; Track;  
Public Speaking Team;  
Drama Team; host of  
daily program on  
Dunbar's radio station.

CONSTANCE YU-HWA  
CHUNG

MONTGOMERY BLAIR HIGH  
SCHOOL, SILVER SPRING, MD.  
1964

Student Government 4  
(Member-at-large);  
Class Officer 3 (V.P.);  
H.R. Officer 2 (Pres.), 3  
(Sec'y); Class Comm. 2,  
3 (Ch.), 4; Athletic  
Comm. 2; Awards  
Comm. 3.



CLIFTON GARRICK UTLEY  
WESTTOWN FRIENDS SCHOOL,  
WESTTOWN, PA. 1957  
Basketball, JV, 1, S;  
Soccer, JV, S. Garrick...  
1st class... Stork...  
Sundown Utley... Ubang...  
Big... Can dunk  
basketball... Hank Snow  
is the greatest...  
Stevenson... Democratic  
all the way... University  
of Chicago... Pee Wee  
King at the Garrick  
Theatre... If he ever  
stood up straight...  
Montana... Chicago  
Black Hawks hockey  
fan... Part-time cowboy...  
Only goalie who bumps his  
head on the crossbar....



LILA DIANE SAWYER  
SENECA HIGH SCHOOL,  
LOUISVILLE, KY. 1963  
"In youth and beauty,  
wisdom is but rare."  
NHS 11, 12, "Veep" 12;  
Pep Club 9, 10, 11, 12;  
Beta Club 10, 11, 12;  
J.C.L. 9, 10; Latin Club  
9, 10; German Club 12;  
J.V. Chldr. 9, 10;  
Calendar Girl 9, 10, 12;  
Ex. Bd. of Jr. Class;  
F.T.A. 9, 10, 11, 12;  
Debate Club 11, 12;  
"Arrow" Staff 10, 11,  
12; Feat. Ed. 11, Ed.-in-  
Chief 12; BB Queen 10;  
Quill and Scroll 11, 12;  
Youth Speaks 10, 11,  
12; Cho. 9; Madrigal 9;  
Jr. Play 11; Booster  
Club 10; Teen Club 9,  
10; All Coun. Cho. 9;  
R.C. 9.



P.C.A.E. JENNINGS  
TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT  
HOPE, ONTARIO 1955  
Dramatic Society 1955;  
Cricket, First Team  
Colours 1955; Rugby,  
First Team Colours  
1955, Co-Capt. 1953.



# ne Prep



*Diane*

MARGARET JANE PAULEY  
WARREN CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 1968



Hi-C 2; Warrenettes 2-4; Pep Club 2-4; Student Council 2-4; NFL 2-4; Board 4; DAR Award 4; Fall Sports Queen Court 2-3; Prom Court 3; Girls' State 3, Governor; Speech Team 2-4.



CHARLAYNE HUNTER  
H. M. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL, ATLANTA, GA. 1959  
"Tis good to be merry and wise."



JAMES CHARLES LEHRER  
THOMAS JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL, SAN ANTONIO, TEX. 1952  
Hi-Y, Pres.; Scribblers, Rep., Hayne; Student Council, Exec. Comm.; Ella Stone Journalism Club; Quill and Scroll; Declaration, Co-Editor and Sports Editor; San Antonio Council of Hi-Y Clubs, Pres.; 1st Place in State Interview Writing.



TOM BROKAW  
YANKTON HIGH SCHOOL, YANKTON, S.D. 1958  
Football 2-4; Track 2-4; Homeroom Pres. 2-4; Pres. Student Council 4; Mardi Gras Cand. 2-3; Wokesape 2-4; Annual 3; Arickara Nominee 4; Boys' State 3; "Y" Club 4; Quill & Scroll 4; Jr. Play; All-School Play; NFL 4; Canteen Council 2. Hobbies: records, dancing.



LOU WATERS  
EDINA HIGH SCHOOL, EDINA, MINN. 1956

ROBIN MACNEIL  
ASHBURY COLLEGE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO 1949

Robin's activities around school are many and varied. He was 24th man on the football squad, and bowls a mean break in cricket. Sickness kept him out of winter sports. In school, Robin pulls in a fair average. He has currently risen to the post of School Demosthenes by taking the senior public speaking prize. Along the same lines, he starred in our school play, "Hay Fever." Robin was the O.C. of our Cadet Corps, and turned in an admirable performance in a difficult job. Last but not least, he is an assistant editor of the "Ashburian."



WALTER CRONKITE  
SAN JACINTO HIGH SCHOOL, HOUSTON, TEX. 1933  
Booster Club; Spanish Club; Literary Club; Tennis Club; Editor-in-Chief, Campus Cub, '33; Co-Sports Editor, El Oroso, '33; President Journalism Club, '32; Vodvil, '31; Band, '31, '32, '33.



DAN RATHER  
JOHN H. REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL, HOUSTON, TEX. 1959



*Tom*

## FILM FESTIVAL

*Not so*

# TOUGH GUY

By Robert Mitchum



PHOTOFEST

PURSUED (1947). Uh-oh. Shades of things to come.



CULVER PICTURES

CROSSFIRE (1947) with Robert Young. The first frank treatment of anti-Semitism on the screen.

PHOTO RESEARCH  
BY VICKI GOLD LEVI



OUT OF THE PAST (1947) with Kirk Douglas and Jane Greer. This is the classic example of a new genre that came to be called "film noir." I was happy to be working with my good friend Jane Greer in my ninth film since my release from the Army in 1945. It was only Kirk Douglas's second film, and I thought he was wonderful in it.



TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP.

DANCING MASTERS (1943) with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. This gave me the opportunity to observe these comic geniuses at work.



CULVER PICTURES

UNDERCURRENT (1946) with Katharine Hepburn. I felt like I was always working during this period. *Desire Me*, *The Locket* and *Undercurrent* were being made simultaneously. I did one in the morning, one in the afternoon and the third at night. I was a very busy boy.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

G.I. JOE (1945) with Burgess Meredith and an unidentified actor (right). I liked working with everyone on this film. I was pleased to be nominated for an Oscar, but most of the credit goes to the director, "Wild Bill" Wellman.

### BLOOD ON THE MOON (1948)

with Barbara Bel Geddes. RKO wanted me to do this movie so much they ended up buying me back for more money than what they lent me out for. Go figure.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

PHOTOFEST

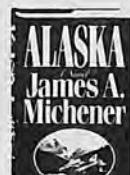


JERRY OHLLINGER MOVIE MATERIALS STORE

RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE (1943) with Bill Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy. Thanks to Bill Boyd, there was always a role for me in the "Hoppy" films.

# "A FASCINATING POLITICAL TOUR OF THE 1960s"

—Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.



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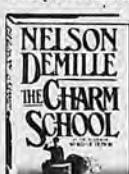
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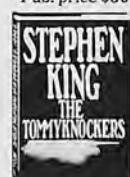
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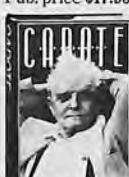
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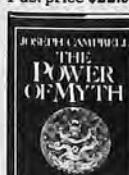
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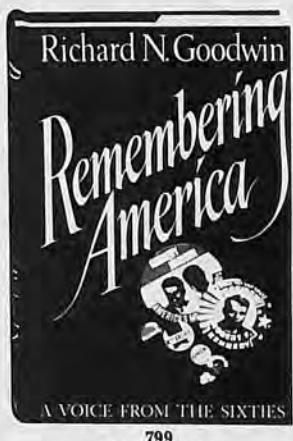
The '60s started with hope.

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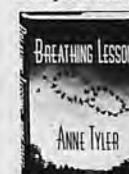
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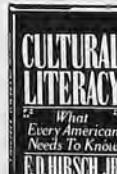
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PHOTOFEST

**MACAO** (1952) with Jane Russell. Really, just another melodrama. We weren't out to win a Pulitzer Prize or anything. I affectionately called Jane Russell "Hard John" on the set. I guess she didn't mind too much; we're still good friends.



PHOTOFEST

**THE LUSTY MEN** (1952) with Susan Hayward and Arthur Kennedy. While Susie was always able to make people cry with her characters, she always managed to make me laugh.



CULVER PICTURES

**RIVER OF NO RETURN** (1954) with Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn endeared herself to the crew on this film. I had never realized she was such a tough dame!



CULVER PICTURES

**NOT AS A STRANGER** (1955) with Frank Sinatra. This one started a close friendship between Frank Sinatra and me. For some silly reason he started calling me Mother during the filming. To this day I receive Mother's Day cards from him signed "Snodgrass," the name I gave him in retaliation.



PHOTOFEST

**THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER** (1955). The evil preacher, Harry Powell, was probably my favorite role, and Charles Laughton was one of the best directors I've worked with.



PHOTOFEST

**HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON** (1957) with Deborah Kerr. Deborah Kerr: the best. My favorite actress. My friend, director John Huston, was never one to film a picture on a studio back lot if he could help it. In typical Huston fashion, he shot this one on the island of Tobago.

# ROBERT MITCHUM blasts the screen!

He's Trapped Between The T-Men And The Terror-Mob On The Hellish Highway On Earth!

**THUNDER ROAD**

BY GENE BARRY AUBUCHON STARRING JAMES SMITH BARDETTE DIRECTED BY ROBERT MITCHUM

More Savage Than The T-Men! From The Real-life Story Of Today's BILLION-DOLLAR WHISKEY WAR!!!

Produced by James Arley Phillips and Max Terhune. Based on an original story by Robert Mitchum. Directed by Arthur Ripley. A Columbia Pictures Story. Rating: R.

JERRY OHLINGER MOVIE MATERIALS STORE

**THUNDER ROAD** (1958). I'm told this is the most-exhibited film in U.S. history—a big surprise to everyone connected with it. My son Jim played my brother.

**THE GRASS IS GREENER** (1960). It was a pleasure to work with Deborah [Kerr] again and wonderful Cary Grant.



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

**THE LONGEST DAY (1962).**  
*The longest cameo!*



PHOTOFEST

**CAPE FEAR (1962)** with Jack Kruschen (far left), Martin Balsam and Gregory Peck (right). After thoughts of retirement, I couldn't turn down a chance to work with Polly Bergen and Greg Peck.



CULVER PICTURES

**TWO FOR THE SEESAW (1962)** with Shirley MacLaine. I'm not the kind of guy who knows it all. I need to be talked into things; I'm glad I was talked into this one. I enjoyed the film, and it was the start of a close friendship with Shirley.



CULVER PICTURES

**MR. MOSES (1965)**. The 60-mile trip to and from location was a bit too much, so I gave up my hotel room in Nairobi and moved into the huts with the Masai.



PHOTOFEST

**EL DORADO (1967)** with John Wayne. Director Howard Hawks had a mystique about him. If there wasn't much of a story with this film, there was great character development, and I was happy to be with my pal Duke Wayne.



JERRY OHLINGER MOVIE MATERIALS STORE

**RYAN'S DAUGHTER (1970)**. It was one of the best scripts I'd ever read. But, my God, to do the part of the schoolteacher I'd have to work every day. There was no way I was going to do that. But I guess I did.



CULVER PICTURES

**THE BIG SLEEP (1978)** with Joan Collins. Also referred to as "The Big Yawn."



PHOTOFEST

**THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON (1982)** with (from left) Stacy Keach, Bruce Dern, Paul Sorvino and Martin Sheen. Believe it or not, when I did this film I had never even seen a basketball game.



PHOTOFEST

**THE LAST TYCOON (1976)** with Ray Milland. A good movie but dull, dull, dull. Ray gave everybody with hair a hard time. Still, I got 10 days of work, a chance to wear a suit and to speak with some authority. So, what the hell.



THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY

**MR. NORTH (1988)**. My dear friend John Huston requested that I take his role in Mr. North in the event that his illness prevented him from doing it. For that reason I regret having had to do the film.

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# Hummingbirds Amid the Cheezits

By John Leonard

**I** know there was television before *Crusader Rabbit*, but before *Crusader Rabbit* I didn't care. I was 10 years old; we lived in Jackson Heights, Queens, N.Y., for reasons I've never understood, except that we'd lived everywhere else—above a bowling alley in Washington, D.C., on a ranch in New Mexico, in a bombed-out fishing lodge in Wisconsin, in a cubist sort of Southern California pillbox through whose portholes blew breezes of petroleum and cow dung. So why not Jackson Heights, next door to a seedy tavern, lullabied each fitful night by Johnnie Ray on the jukebox singing "The Little White Cloud That Cried"?

Colombian coke dealers have long since taken over Jackson Heights (and Southern Californians took over Washington, D.C. for a while), but it seems to me that all of us, no matter where we are, simultaneously experience everything that's heroic and shameful about our country on one big wraparound television set. It's as if in this nomadic culture the TV screen's the windshield of our mobile home.

But I was talking about *Crusader Rabbit*. Until this cartoon came along—demented brainchild of some low-rent Mad Ave dropouts—I was indifferent to the talking furniture, the blue Druidic light, in my mother's breakfast nook. I had my socialist newspaper, *The Daily Compass*, and my telescope to look at stars for those catastrophisms prophesied by Velikovsky. But the mock-heroic *Crusader Rabbit* was *subversive*, like socialism and science fiction. It made fun of the internal contradictions of the ruling class. And it was always there when I needed it, free of charge. Before women, before alcohol, before laughing gas at the dentist, it was my first addiction.

If I hadn't practiced on *Crusader Rabbit*, I'd never have watched Nixon's Checkers speech—the start of a brand-new crybaby style in American culture, perfected later by Dave Garroway, Jack Paar and

Charles Van Doren. I'd never have stayed up late for Adlai Stevenson on election night in '52. I'd prayed for Adlai. Television let me know there wasn't any God. There was, instead, a quiz-show scandal. I mean, TV messes with the epistemology: First Ed Murrow tells us we can't believe Joe McCarthy, then Van Doren tells us we can't believe TV. In the meantime, Milton Berle wore a dress.

The 50's were supposed to be TV's Golden Age, which meant corporate sponsorship of many hours of vulgar Freudianism by second-rate playwrights like Paddy Chayevsky and Rod Serling, and hundreds of sitcoms in which hapless Dad was too stupid to lace up his shoes without the help of a Tupperware fairy who would herself evolve eventually into a witch, a genie and a flying nun. But none of this was any worse than all those 30's and 40's B-movies so revered by a previous generation of intellectuals desperate to connect somehow with a popular culture that went on dreaming without them—B-movies now the staple and the starch of late-night TV, because TV will eat anything.

Before midnight, TV is anthropology; after midnight, it is archeology. Without television there could be no camp, which is nostalgia laced with contempt.

The 50's were actually Sid Caesar and Jonathan Winters speaking in tongues, as if transistors in the cavities of their teeth picked up radio signals from Sirius the Dog Star. And cadaverous Ed Sullivan, telling us it was all right to like the top half of Elvis Presley, as he'd subsequently tell us the Beatles were cute. The purpose of Ed Sullivan, like Johnny Carson later on, was to *legitimize* and *authenticate*. Just so is the sitcom a *socializing* agency. We miss the point of American television if we ask it for *Scenes From a Marriage*, which Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish TV, or *The Sorrow and the Pity*, which Marcel Ophuls made for French TV, or the British *Jewel in the*

*Crown*. Americans require a Carson to tell us it's O.K. to laugh at a Nixon. Single women are permitted to have sex because Mary Tyler Moore finally did it.

The family, the church and the public school have let us down; into this institutional vacuum, this failure of authority, TV insinuates itself. Walter Cronkite! Captain Kirk! Of course 90 percent of television is rubbish. But as the science-fiction novelist Theodore Sturgeon has pointed out, 90 percent of *everything* is rubbish.

Today I am a serious being, a Crusader Rabbit, but in Boston in the mid-60's I parked my TV set on the third-floor fire-escape and put tin-foil on its rabbit ears to pick up *The Avengers* from Providence, because before there was Veronica Hamel, there was Diana Rigg. Now I am surrounded by serious people, all of whom say they don't watch television because they don't count sports, movies, weather, David Letterman, political conventions, Presidential press conferences and impeachment proceedings as *television*. Whatever the rumor, we switch on the set for the latest moon shot or hijacking or assassination. How else would we experience ourselves as a community? We speak to Mork, beseech Spock, deny Brokaw, repudiate Rather. TV's our wishing well and our circus, our cure for loneliness and our hummingbird in a nest of Cheezits.

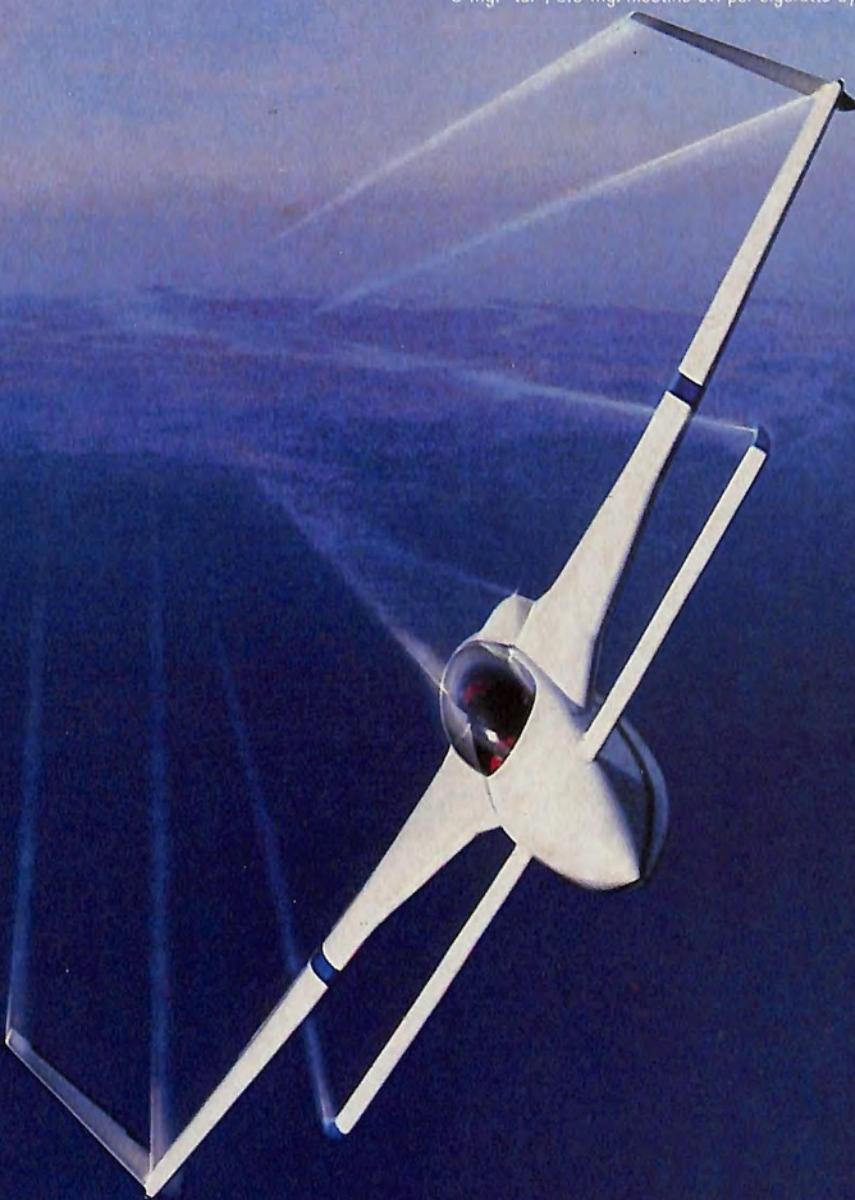
My problem is that most of what I know I've seen only on television. Nixon, for instance, keeps coming back in reruns, like *Dark Shadows*, and yet I've never really met him. What if none of it happened? How would I know? I never left home to find out. The telescope looked at me. ■



JOHN LEONARD is a novelist, a television and book critic, and a columnist for New York Newsday.

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S. A. GERMAIN/BLACK STAR



FDR: Asks Hitler to negotiate



**CLOUDS** Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain visits Hitler in Munich and returns to England proclaiming "peace in our time" . . . German troops occupy disputed Sudetenland . . . Young Nazis rampage through Berlin attacking Jews and destroying Jewish-owned stores . . . Germany and France sign friendship pact.

OWEN/BLACK STAR



SCHWARTZ/BLACK STAR

**SOUNDS** Benny Goodman plays Mozart with the Budapest String Quartet. . . Kate Smith sings Irving Berlin's "America the Beautiful" on her radio program, a first. . . Pop hits—"September Song," "A Tisket, a Tasket," "Jeepers Creepers," "Flat Foot Floogie With a Floy Floy."

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**BIG WINNERS** Seabiscuit beats War Admiral in Preakness Stakes. . . Howard Hughes sets record for round-the-world flight—3 days, 19 hours, 17 minutes . . . Helen Wills Moody takes her eighth singles title at Wimbledon. . . Don Budge wins at Forest Hills to net first Grand Slam ever.



**NUMBERS** Two-door Plymouth costs \$773. . . Robert Burns cigar, 10 cents . . . One pound Maxwell House coffee, 25 cents. . . Dow-Jones industrial average: high 158.41, low 129.91. . . Inflation minus 0.8%, unemployment 19%.

CHRYSLER CORP./HISTORICAL COLLECTION



PHOTOFEST

**SCREEN AND STAGE** The Marx Brothers star in *Room Service* . . . Other movies—Howard Hawks's *Bringing Up Baby*, Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes*. . . Best-picture Oscar to *You Can't Take It With You* . . . Plays—Clare Boothe's *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. . . Pulitzer Prize to Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*.



PICTORIAL PARADE

page 24

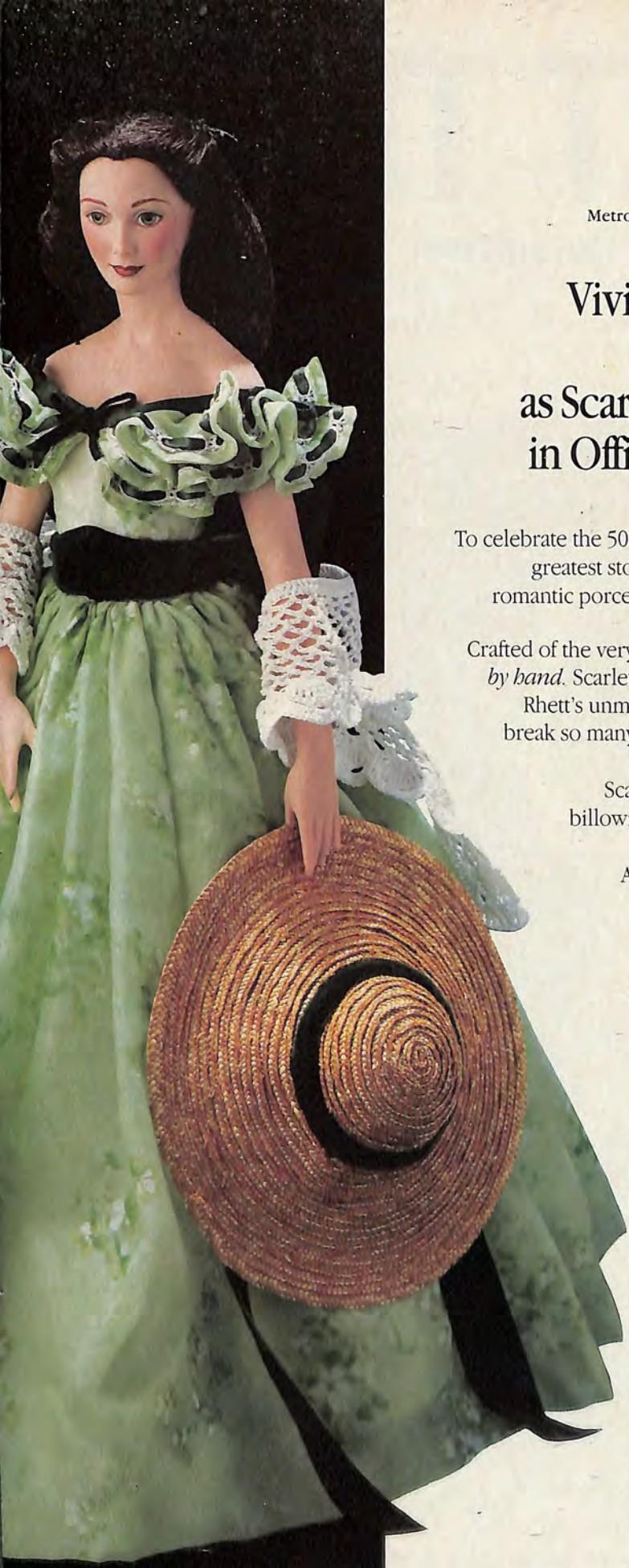


KOBAL COLLECTION

page 28

The silver screen's  
greatest love story  
lives on...





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## Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable together again at last as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in Official Porcelain Portrait Dolls

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Scarlett, in her summer print gown of green crepe de chine billowing over crisp white petticoats. With the fitted bodice that showed off the smallest waist in three counties. And Rhett, in navy blue frock coat and grey trousers of the finest wool. Jacquard neck scarf and waistcoat. And that debonair finishing touch, a scarf pin.

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# THE NIGHT THE M

## 50 YEARS AGO: ORSON WELLES PANICS THE NATION

*One of the most bizarre events in broadcasting: A modest science fiction program was taken for real by thousands of listeners.*

The radio broadcast that Sunday evening, Oct. 30, 1938, began unremarkably enough with a weather forecast, followed by dance music from a New York City hotel ballroom. But then Ramon Raquello and his orchestra were interrupted by a news bulletin about gas explosions on the planet Mars. Next came a report of a seismographic shock of earthquake intensity near Princeton, N.J. An "astronomer" on the scene described what seemed to be a meteorite half buried in a pit—until it opened up, revealing a grotesque creature inside.

"It's as large as a bear, and it glitters like wet leather," the astronomer exclaimed. "The eyes are black and gleam like a serpent. The mouth is V-shaped with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate."

Suddenly, a jet of flame burst from the pit, incinerating the astronomer and several policemen. Following more dance music, a terrified announcer again interrupted to report "one of the most startling defeats ever suffered by an army in modern times." Seven thousand men armed with rifles and machine guns had been trampled under the metal feet of the Martian invader or burned to cinders by its horrible "heat ray." The announcer went on to say that thousands of people were stampeding through the streets of New York City; thousands more, he said, had leaped into the East River, "dropping in like rats." Poisonous gas blanketed the city, the announcer was choking to death, and Martian cylinders were falling all over the country. Finally, the desperate voice of an amateur shortwave radio operator was heard, weakly reaching out into the void with one last question: "Isn't there anyone on the air? Isn't there anyone?" Then there was silence.

At intermission, a calm voice informed the audience that it was listening to Orson Welles' dramatization of *The War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells. But by then it was too late. People had fled to the streets, convinced that the Martians had indeed landed. The fictional reports of a national crisis had generated an actual one, and the



Orson Welles was audacious in his direction. "We did some naughty things," producer John Houseman remembers. "We used every trick we could."

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

# ARTIANS LANDED



By Leslie Bennetts

consequences were staggering.

Hysterical callers jammed police, newspaper and radio switchboards throughout the United States and Canada, begging for advice on how to protect themselves. An Ohio man phoned *The New York Times* to ask what time the world would end. Others wanted to know when the wave of poison gas would reach them or whether the police had extra gas masks.

A Pittsburgh man rushed home to find his wife with a bottle of poison. "I'd rather die this way than like that," she screamed. Physicians and nurses called in to police stations and hospitals to volunteer their services. And on a single block in Newark, N.J., more than 20 families fled from their homes holding wet towels to their faces. After frantically loading possessions onto their cars, they caused a tie-up that snarled traffic for blocks. Weeping callers besieged the electric company in Providence, R.I., imploring officials to turn off all lights to protect the city from the enemy. The hysteria spread to such an extent that hundreds told police and newspapers they had actually seen the invasion.

Back at CBS, those responsible for the pandemonium were themselves approaching a state of shock. They had not foreseen the impact; at one point, they had even feared the broadcast might be too boring to go ahead with. Fifty years later, John Houseman still shakes his head in amazement as he remembers that night.

Houseman would go on to a distinguished career as a writer, producer, director, teacher and actor. In 1938 he was co-founder, with Orson Welles, of the *Mercury Theater of the Air*, a CBS radio program that, after four months, was drawing only 3.6 percent of the listening audience against ventriloquist Edgar Bergen's 34.7 percent on NBC. "The War of the Worlds," their 17th broadcast, almost didn't even make it to air.

"The whole thing came about sort of by default," recalls Houseman, who was a producer of that broadcast. "We had a script of 'Lorna Doone,' but it turned out to be so boring we decided it was time we did a science fiction show. Whether out of

laziness or because we didn't find the right thing, we fell back on the old H. G. Wells novel. [Writer] Howard Koch had just come to work for us, and we assigned him this project. But after about three days he called me and said, 'This is hopeless. It's a very, very dull show, and I can't do anything with it.' "

Houseman cajoled Koch into persevering, and after more discussion, they decided the only way to make the script work was for it to be as real and contemporary as possible—"as if it were actually occurring," says Houseman. "The minute that decision was made, the whole thing fell into place."

Houseman says it never occurred to them that people might believe an actual invasion was taking place. "About 25 minutes into the show, our supervisor got a call in the control room, and he suddenly got up and ran out," Houseman recalls. "He returned six or seven minutes later, white as a sheet, and in a great state of agitation said, 'John, you've got to stop the show right now!'"

Houseman refused; he and the supervisor continued their argument until the broadcast reached its scheduled break. "Then the phone calls started coming in," Houseman says. "The switchboards were flooded. It was evident that something really was up. We didn't know exactly what. The second half of the show, after the conquest, was totally innocuous. But by then it didn't matter; the damage had been done. As soon as the show was over, CBS officials rushed in and snatched all the scripts and ushered Orson and myself into a little room. Then the press arrived. The press was very mean."

Welles and Houseman were deluged with hostile questions about vast numbers of people killed in traffic accidents, crowd stampedes and suicides. "We were absolutely petrified," Houseman says. "We really believed we were mass murderers. It was not until the next morning that we read the truth of the matter—that there hadn't actually been any deaths, but that there *had* been a panic."

Looking back, Houseman has several

explanations for the extraordinary reaction to the broadcast. First, at the beginning of the hour most listeners had been tuned to *The Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Show* on NBC and had therefore missed the opening disclaimer on CBS telling them that a dramatization of H. G. Wells's famous novel was about to be performed. Twelve minutes into the hour, at the conclusion of its first act, the Bergen show took a commercial break and many listeners started twisting their dials in search of other entertainment. As a result, Houseman says dryly, "Most people tuned in just at the point where the Martians were opening up their cylinder and killing the first of the police and newspapermen."

A second factor was the political anxiety of the times, fueled by the signing of the Munich Pact between England and Hitler's Germany only weeks earlier. "Was Europe going to war or not going to war? That was a very hot question," Houseman explains. "Hitler had been in power for several years, everything was beginning to look pretty rotten, and people had become accustomed to looking to that little box for crisis news."

And finally, Houseman admits with a grin, "We did some naughty things. We used every trick we could. The voice of the so-called Secretary of the Interior was provided by a very good actor who, way beyond his instructions, made him sound like FDR. And Orson was very audacious in his direction. The show started very slowly and boringly; there were long silences. It's a sort of model of what you can do on radio to eliminate any sense of time and create credibility about events that, if you used your brain, you must realize would happen over several days."

"The War of the Worlds" was a milestone event in American broadcasting. For the first time, Houseman observes, "it proved how potent the mass media were, particularly radio, which people had never really thought about before. There were millions of listeners, and that in itself had a sort of crowd effect. While this was a very different, modern kind of crowd, it was still a crowd."

The broadcast also contributed to the dissolution of the Houseman-Welles collaboration. The problem, not surprisingly, concerned credit. "Howard Koch wrote the script," Houseman insists today. "We all generally messed it around, but the script is pretty much as Howard wrote it. Orson came in very late and had nothing really to do with the script. He directed it absolutely brilliantly; if it had been any less brilliant

in that department, it wouldn't have been credible. The pacing was the key; he stretched it way beyond what would normally have been expected. The people who stayed with the show put up with the boredom, and suddenly they found themselves involved in this spiral of excitement. That's why I give him a lot of credit for the final success of the show."

But later, Welles claimed authorship as well. "Orson very genuinely, like all megalomaniacs, thought that since he put the shows out, they were his shows and he should have the credit for everything," Houseman remembers. "So we got into a couple of public altercations, I'm afraid."

About a year after the "War of the Worlds" broadcast, Welles and Houseman decided to end their five-year association. "It became impossible," Houseman says with a sigh. "Orson had become The Great Man, and instead of being an equal partner I suddenly found myself in danger of working for Orson, which I didn't want to do because he was impossible and I was ambitious myself."

**John Houseman, who parted company with Welles a year after the "Worlds" broadcast, made his reputation the old-fashioned way: He earrrrrned it. A theatrical producer, director, teacher and actor, his most recent film role was in *Bright Lights, Big City*.**

Houseman's ambition was amply rewarded. Over the years he established eight theater companies, headed the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., was founding director of the prestigious drama department at the Juilliard School, and directed stage productions that ranged from Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* to Shakespeare's *King Lear*. At the age of 71, he made his own acting debut, playing Professor Kingsford in the movie *The Paper Chase*. The part won him an Academy Award and launched a whole new career in front of the camera—both as an actor (most recent film: *Bright Lights, Big City*) and as a pitchman for the investment company that makes money the old-fashioned way. ("They eaarrrrrrn it.") Today, at 86, an extremely active Houseman commutes between his home in Malibu, Calif. and professional obligations on the East Coast.

Welles, of course, had an unrelentingly stormy time of it, running afoul of the Hollywood establishment and failing in his maturity to fulfill the incandescent promise

of his youth. A childhood prodigy who achieved early success as an actor and director, Welles was pronounced the Wonder Boy of Broadway and then the "genius" director and star of the movie classic *Citizen Kane*. Even before he turned 30, however, some were dismissing him as a has-been, a verdict that shadowed his career right up to his death in 1985 at age 70. Despite his considerable accomplishments in theater, film, radio and television, Welles spent most of his life fighting his image as an artist whose brilliance was hopelessly derailed by his erratic, self-destructive and frequently insufferable personality. (Sadly, among many, Welles may be remembered more for his work as the corpulent spokesman for a company that promised to "sell no wine before its time" than for any of his other achievements.)

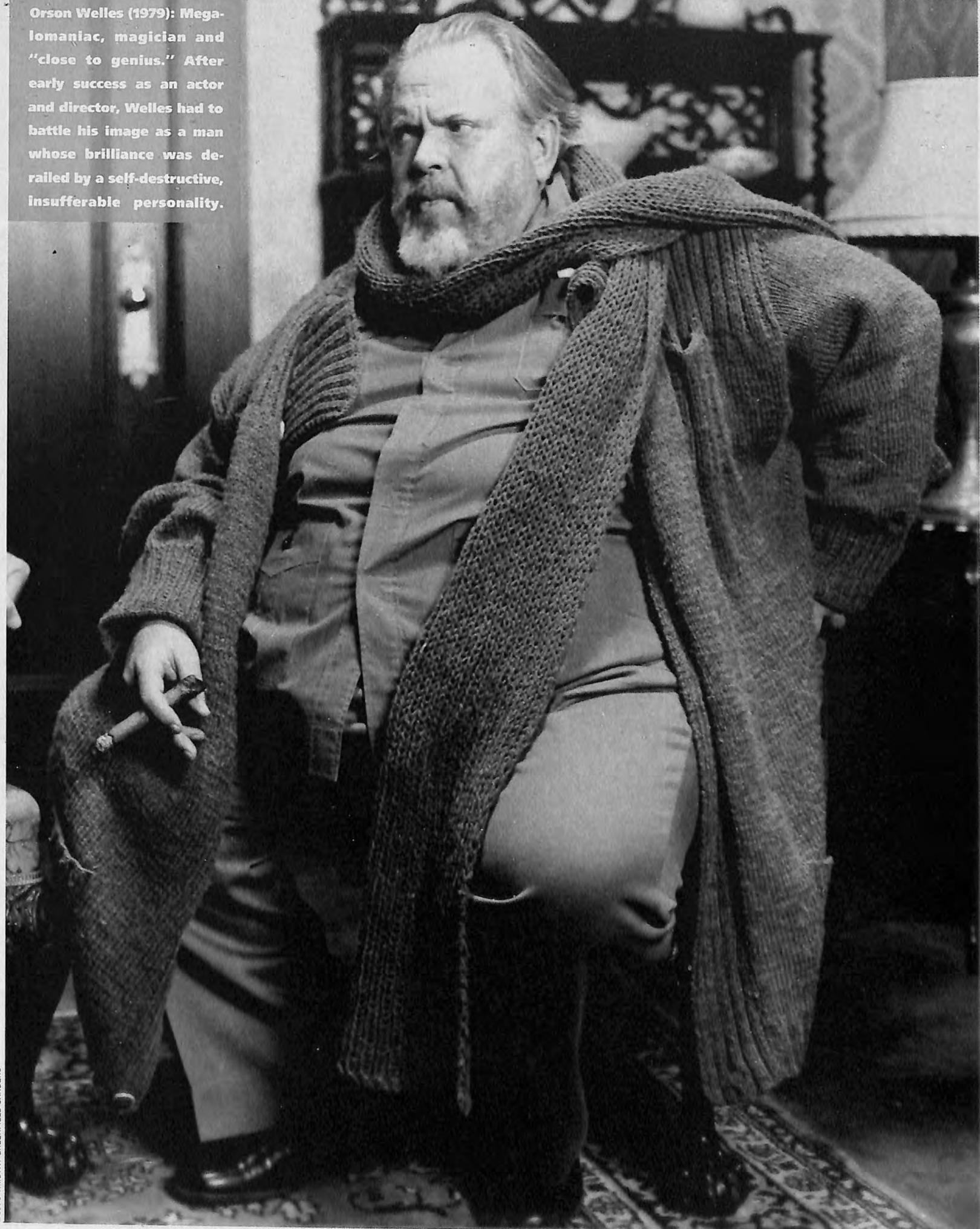
Houseman, the survivor, is gracious about the former friend who once hurled flaming cans of Sterno at him in a restaurant. "Not everyone has a consistent career," Houseman says gently. "Mine has gone on over an awfully long time, and it's been very varied. I've done an awful lot of things, and there is a body of work there, an aggregate achievement. But Orson was a magician. I was more stable but much less talented than Orson. He was as close to genius as anybody I've ever worked with."

LESLIE BENNETTS is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* magazine.



LOUIS GOLDMAN/UNITED ARTISTS

**Orson Welles (1979):** Megalomaniac, magician and "close to genius." After early success as an actor and director, Welles had to battle his image as a man whose brilliance was derailed by a self-destructive, insufferable personality.



**50 YEARS AGO: DAVID O. SELZNICK  
SETS ATLANTA AFLAME**

Gone With the Wind would make Hollywood history.  
But on the set, not-so-civil wars raged.

# Scarlett



Author Rabwin wore Scarlett's green sprig gown to a 1939 party.

By Marcella Rabwin

LIKE MARGARET MITCHELL'S panoramic Civil War novel, the classic film adaptation of *Gone With the Wind* seethed with violence, anguish and soaring passions. All this was mirrored in the uncivil battles waged *behind* the film's scenes, where factions, feuds and frustrations were the order of the day. As Selznick's executive assistant, I saw it all firsthand and remember it well:

It would be another 12 months before *GWTW* would premiere in Atlanta, but for those of us who labored three long years turning Margaret Mitchell's hefty best seller into celluloid, Dec. 10, 1938, was the night to remember.

In front of 200 guests and all seven of Hollywood's brand-new Technicolor cameras, David O. Selznick, the film's producer and my exasperating boss, staged the burning of Atlanta. It was the first and surely the most spectacular scene to be filmed. Everything that wasn't nailed down went into that blaze, including a studio back lot. The fire burned for an hour and a half, and trucks from three fire departments stood by, just in case things got out of hand. They weren't needed. In fact, that was a magic night, one of the

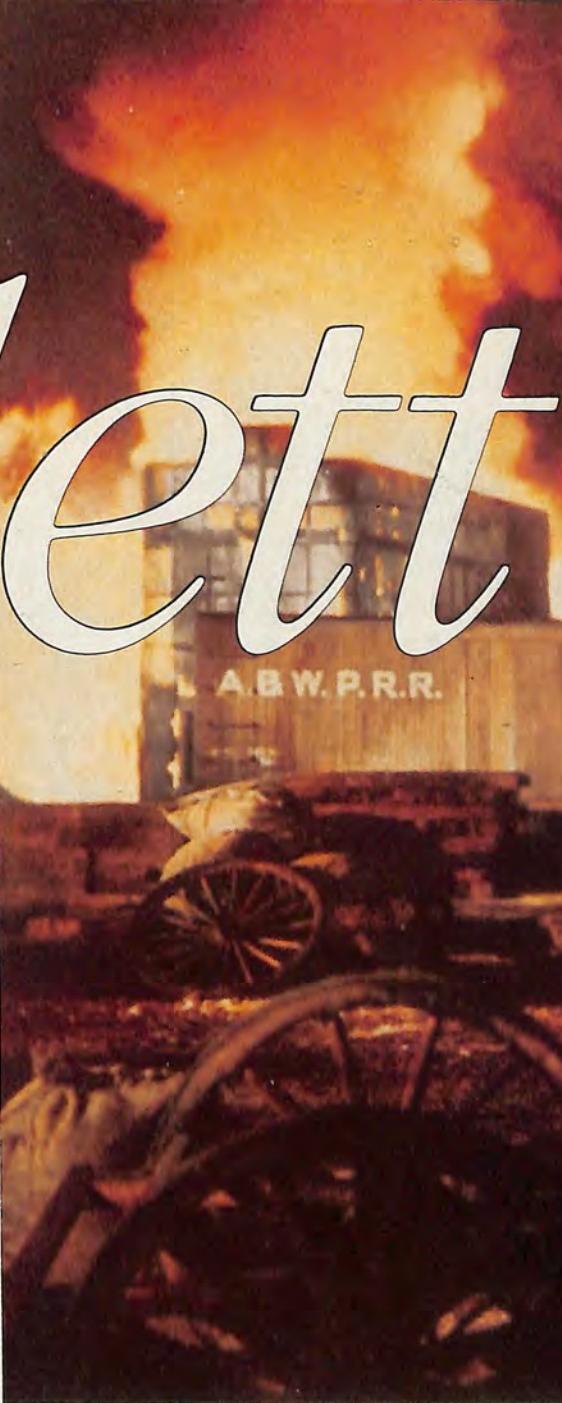
few times during the making of the movie that everything happened on cue.

There had been trouble in Tara right from the beginning, when writer after writer tried—and failed—to turn the book into a screenplay. I'll never forget F. Scott Fitzgerald, in a rage over being dismissed from the project by Selznick. He stormed into my office. "Can you imagine? He wanted me to use Margaret Mitchell's dialogue!" Playwright John van Druten lasted only until he told Selznick what he thought of the novel—"a fine book for bellhops." Ben Hecht survived an all-night sparring session with Selznick; when another one loomed, he made a beeline for the Eastbound Super Chief and home. Jo Swerling was treated to two weeks of Bermuda seclusion so he and Selznick could get some

KOBAL COLLECTION

"real work" done on the script. By the time they returned to the studio they were not speaking to each other. And so it went, with time flying by, the starting date staring us in the face and tension mounting. Finally, using Sidney Howard's workmanlike screenplay as a starting point, a desperate Selznick wrote the shooting script himself.

Before the first frame was shot, the search for Scarlett had consumed two full years. We had tested Hollywood's best-known actresses, 33 in all. But Selznick showed little enthusiasm for any of the contenders—Joan Bennett, Joan Fontaine, Jean Arthur, Miriam Hopkins. Just about everyone tried out for the part, Lucille Ball and Susan Hayward among them. (No, we were never serious about Bette Davis.) Si-



# Fever



KOBAL COLLECTION  
KOBAL COLLECTION

lent film tests poured in from talent scouts, who were scouring college campuses, little theaters, even city streets—any place there might be a Scarlett. All to no avail.

The closest we had come was Selznick's neighbor, Paulette Goddard, who was living with Charlie Chaplin. But Selznick knew that the South would not tolerate as Scarlett an actress who was openly "living in sin."

For all his public bravado, Selznick felt that "the failure to find a new girl for Scarlett is the greatest failure of my entire career," or so he wrote to me in a memo.

Then, as Atlanta burned—and as if it had all been scripted—super-agent Myron Selznick (David's brother) walked onto the sidelines hand in hand with a beautiful young English actress named Vivien

Leigh. David knew immediately this was the girl he had been searching for. "Now if only she can act," he whispered to me.

The part of Rhett Butler was almost as much of a problem, but for a very different reason: We had found the right actor—he simply didn't want to do the part. Selznick had considered and discarded Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn and a handful of other leading men. He agreed with the thousands of the book's readers who wrote in to say that only Clark Gable would do. But Gable wouldn't. He didn't like costume dramas or "short-pants pictures," as he called them. He felt that *GWTW* was a woman's movie and that he would be sacrificed on the altar of Vivien's performance by director George Cukor. He was contemptuous of Cukor, and

A two-year search for Scarlett ended the night Atlanta burned when Vivien Leigh magically appeared on the set. Co-star Clark Gable had to be coerced into playing Rhett Butler. Leslie Howard also balked at the role of Ashley. But Olivia de Havilland wanted to play Melanie and was the producer's first choice to do so.



KOBAL COLLECTION

Above: Costume designer Walter Plunkett and his crew of seamstresses worked through many an angry night trying to please perfectionist Selznick. Below: Vivien Leigh much preferred dancing with Clark Gable, especially at arm's length, to kissing him.

he called him "namby pamby." (When the very masculine Victor Fleming finally replaced Cukor, a move that Gable had maneuvered, Clark was happy and cooperative and gave the performance of his life.) Gable didn't care much even for Selznick and wasn't inclined to do him any favors.

Most important, Gable was desperately in love with Carole Lombard, the witty and lovely blonde comedienne. He wanted to marry her, but an adamant wife, Rhea, refused to divorce him. Gable felt the next best thing to a walk down the aisle would be the vacation he'd been planning with Carole for months. If he agreed to do *GWTW*, it would mean postponing, and possibly forsaking entirely, his long-awaited love holiday.

During the Gable negotiations, the Bank of America reached its lending limit and Selznick realized he didn't have enough money to finish the picture. M-G-M's Louis B. Mayer, Selznick's father-in-law, would happily let us borrow Gable, advance us the 2.5 million dollars we needed, and bless our noble efforts—all he wanted in return was *half* of the picture! Though Selznick would sooner have cut off his arm, he felt he had to make the deal. You could say that the price we paid for Clark Gable was \$200 million—half the movie's world gross to date.

Now it was Mayer's turn to try to get Gable to take the part. He went to Rhea and made her an offer she couldn't refuse: \$500,000 in cash, provided she give Clark his divorce and get him to do the film. It worked. Rhea got her money, Gable got Lombard, Selznick got his Rhett Butler, and M-G-M got the deal of the century.

Leslie Howard (Ashley) wanted to do the picture about as much as Gable had. He gave in only when Selznick agreed to let him be associate producer on the upcoming *Intermezzo*, starring Ingrid Bergman. For the role of Melanie, the only serious candidate all along had been Olivia de Havilland. (Unlike Gable, de Havilland loved George Cukor, loved his directorial style, and was in tears when she learned of his dismissal. The same was true of Vivien. In fact, the two actresses secretly visited George for the duration of the shooting to rehearse with him at his home.)

With the stars in their firmament, the new Technicolor process triggered the next crisis. All the rushes looked washed-out. Selznick swore, demanded more "character" through more color, and swore some more. Finally he fired Lee Garmes, our director of photography, and called Ernie Haller back from vacation in England. Budget be damned; Selznick had Haller reshoot many of the scenes. (In the end Haller got a much-deserved Oscar for his efforts.)

By the time the Technicolor problems were solved, the set was rife with animosity and dissension. Vivien and director Fleming were adversaries from the moment they met. He disliked what he called her "tight-ass British manner," and she resented his taunts and vulgar language. Fortunately, their mutual contempt did not interfere with Fleming's desire to get a great performance out of her or hers to give one. But that wish was sorely tested in Vivien's romantic scenes with Gable. She hated kissing him. She told me he had bad breath, which she attributed to his false teeth. At least she had her beloved Larry Olivier waiting for her at the end of the day.



DAVID O. SELZNICK ARCHIVE, THEATRE ARTS COLLECTION, HARRY RANSOM HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN.

The reluctant Leslie Howard refused even to read the book. To the end, he knew no more about the story than his next day's lines. As icy off camera as he was sweet on, he never spoke an unnecessary word to anyone on or off the set. Without bothering to change out of his costume or even to remove his make-up, he would rush home at the end of each day to his lady love, and to a growing pile of angry cables from his wife in London.

Costume designer Walter Plunkett was outraged every time one of his creations was discarded, usually at the last minute, and his workroom went into a frenzy to replace it virtually overnight. On the question of costumes, I usually agreed with Selznick. In the film's opening scene, for example, Scarlett sits on the steps of Tara with the Tarleton twins. Originally she wore a beautiful, low-cut "green sprig muslin" that she would later wear to a barbecue. David couldn't put his finger on what was wrong with the dress. He ran the scene over and over again in the projection room. Suddenly, he realized the problem: The dress was too racy for a 16-year-old Southern maiden to wear in the morning. After an all-night session, during which the dressmakers threatened to walk, an exhausted Plunkett produced a lovely white, high-necked affair. "Why in hell didn't he get that inspiration sooner?" the designer complained to me.

On many a morning the cast and crew, assembled and ready for work, would have to sit, vexed and bored, waiting for the lines to come down from Selznick's office, where he had often spent the whole night working on them. Morale could get very low on those occasions. Selznick lived on Benzedrine and could work through half the night, but we had only our youth and perhaps a touch of masochism to see us through.

After the film was released to euphoric reviews and long lines, I sometimes wondered how it had been possible, with everybody hating somebody, exhausted almost to the point of physical collapse and constantly demoralized by the many unexpected changes. How, out of such chaos,

could such a phoenix arise?

The answer, I knew, was that Selznick was a genius, an indomitable force able to cope with problems that would have sunk most other producers. From the 1936 purchase of the rights to the book (for \$50,000) to the completion of the film in 1939 (3 hours, 45 minutes running time) at a cost of \$4,085,790, the costliest film yet made, Selznick often worked 20-hour days, overseeing every aspect of production, cajoling, suggesting, deciding, berat-



David O. Selznick (left) brought director Victor Fleming (right) to the film largely because Gable could not abide George Cukor, whom Gable called "namby pamby."

ing—and seemingly unaware of the pain he inflicted on all of us.

Ten thousand people showed up for the premiere at Atlanta's Grand Theatre, which was decorated to look like the movie's Twelve Oaks plantation. In its first five months the movie grossed \$20 million. (And it's been going strong ever since; some "Windies," as the film's most fervid fans are called, have seen it more than 200 times.) In 1939, a year of stiff cinema competition, *GWTW* beat out such films as *Wuthering Heights*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* to win the Academy Award for best picture, as well as Oscars for cinematography, editing, art direction,

screenwriting and direction. Surprisingly, only two of the principals received acting awards: Vivien Leigh (best actress) and Hattie McDaniel (best supporting actress).

At the same ceremony, Selznick himself was given the Thalberg Award for a career that included such other classics as *Dinner at Eight*, *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Twelve years after she played Scarlett, Vivien Leigh won her second best-actress award, for portraying yet another Southern belle, Blanche du Bois, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Her last film (she died of tuberculosis in 1967 at the age of 53) was *A Ship of Fools*. Leigh's co-star, Leslie Howard, died at age 50, when his plane was shot down over the Bay of Biscay in World War II. He was thought to have been on a spy mission for Britain.

Gable and Lombard enjoyed only three years as husband and wife before her death, also in a plane crash, in 1942. Before his own death in 1960, Gable made more than 20 feature and documentary films. Though he was nominated as best actor for *GWTW*, he had already won the only Oscar he would ever get, for his 1934 role in *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert.

Olivia de Havilland, now 72 and living in Paris, has been enjoying an active career. Earlier this year, she starred in a CBS mini-series, *The Woman He Loved*, with Jane Seymour and Anthony Andrews. She won a best-actress Oscar in 1946 for her performance in *To Each His Own*, and won again in 1949 for *The Heiress*.

Though *GWTW* would remain his monument, Selznick went on to produce such films as *Spellbound* and *Rebecca* before going into semi-retirement in the mid-50's. He died of a heart attack in 1965 at the age of 62.

But *GWTW* lives on, winning a new generation of admirers through home video. No less alive is the idea of publishing—and filming—the sequel. Southern novelist Alexandra Ripley (*On Leaving Charleston*, *New Orleans Legacy*) is the latest to take up that challenge. Her as yet untitled opus is tentatively scheduled for publication late next year. With nearly \$5 million paid by Warner Books for the U.S. hard-cover rights alone (paperback and film rights are still being negotiated), she just may pull it off. Which would mean that after a half-century of wondering what became of Scarlett and Rhett, the epic's millions of fans would, at long last, get their second Wind.

MARCELLA RABWIN, a contributing editor at *Coast magazine*, celebrated her 81st birthday in May.

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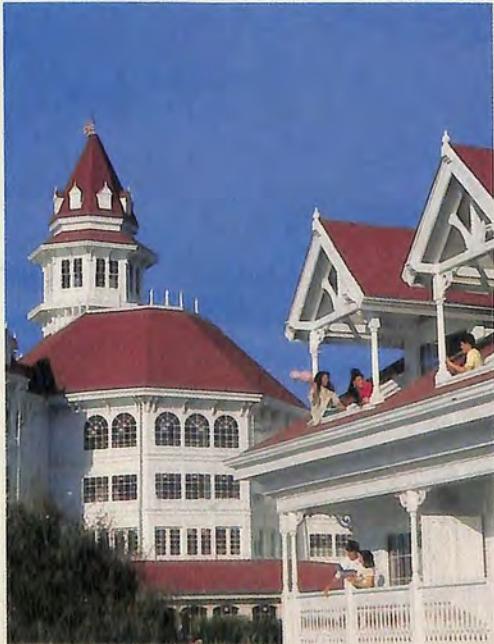
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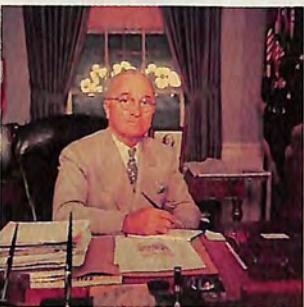
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# 40

*years  
ago*



HST: Pledges deadlier A-bomb

**INNOVATIONS** First Xerox copying machine demonstrated in New York . . . Antibiotics Aureomycin and Chloromycetin developed . . . World's most powerful telescope dedicated at Mount Palomar, Calif.



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**LEADERS** Evita Duarte Peron, First Lady of Argentina, takes over her third newspaper . . . Yugoslav leader Tito breaks with Stalin . . . Dutch Queen Wilhelmina gives up throne to daughter Juliana . . . U.N. adopts Human Rights Declaration . . . Japanese General Tojo and seven collaborators hang for war crimes.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**PROBLEMS** Bernard Baruch warns Senate that Cold War is warming up . . . Scientists say world population is outgrowing food supply . . . Consumer price index highest ever . . . Truman asks Congress for price-control powers to fight inflation, also ends racial segregation in armed forces.



PICTORIAL PARADE

**A REAL PRINCE** Princess Elizabeth bears heir to British throne, names him Charles . . . Christian Dior introduces "New Look" for women.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



AP/WIDEWORLD PHOTOS

**HEROES** Satchel Paige, after 23 years in Negro leagues, pitches for Cleveland Indians . . . Babe Ruth (seen here with Yogi Berra) dies at 53 . . . Manager Leo Durocher quits Brooklyn Dodgers for Giants . . . U.S. takes 38 medals, more than any other country, at London Olympics . . . Bob Mathias wins Olympic decathlon at age 17.



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**PRODUCTIONS**  
Red River opens . . . Other movies—Olivier's Hamlet, Huston's Treasure of Sierra Madre, Billy Wilder's Foreign Affair with Marlene Dietrich . . . Pulitzer Prize to Tennessee Williams's play A Streetcar Named Desire . . . Nobel Prize to poet T. S. Eliot.



CULVER PICTURES

*Everyone knew that Truman didn't stand a chance of being re-elected.  
Everyone, that is, except the candidate and the American electorate.*

# Upset

**By William E. Leuchtenburg**

**W**hen the American people turned on their radios that election night 40 years ago, they knew they could count on an early bedtime. Harry Truman did not stand a chance.

Truman had succeeded to the Presidency in 1945 upon the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and FDR had been a hard act to follow. So inadequate did the former Kansas City haberdasher seem after the squire of Hyde Park that in the midterm election of 1946 the Democratic national chairman asked President Truman

not to campaign for the party; the Democrats played transcriptions of FDR's old radio talks instead. And that fall, in the first contest in 14 years without Roosevelt at the party's helm, the Democrats lost both houses of Congress. Few doubted that Truman's days in the White House were numbered. Even Democrats repeated the Republican pun, "To err is Truman," and one of the more prominent of them, J. William Fulbright, suggested that Truman resign on the spot. (From then on, Truman referred to the Arkansas senator as "Senator Halfbright.")

If the prospects of the Democrats looked bleak after the 1946 debacle, they got bleaker over the next two years as both wings of the party broke away. In 1948, left-of-center critics of Truman's "get tough" policy toward Russia formed a new third party, the Progressives, and chose FDR's former V.P., Henry Wallace, to be their standard-bearer. "There is no real fight between a Truman and a Republican," Wallace said. "Both stand for a policy which opens the door to war in our lifetime and makes war certain for our children." Analysts estimated that Wallace would poll five million votes from disgruntled Democrats in the Presidential contest and cost Truman an indispensable bloc of electoral votes.

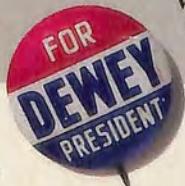
At the same time, Truman was faced with the loss of the party's right wing to Deep South opponents angered by his President's Committee on Civil Rights. When Truman urged Congress to adopt some of the committee's recommendations, leading Southern Democrats were outraged. Mississippi and Alabama delegates marched out of the 1948 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia waving the battle flag of the Confederacy. Three days later, in Birmingham, Ala., these "Dixiecrats" set up yet another new party, the States Rights Democrats, with the Democratic governor of South Carolina, J. Strom Thurmond, as their Presidential candidate.

Little wonder, then, that the Democratic National Convention emitted a smell of defeat. Some delegates wore campaign buttons reading "We're Just Mild About Harry." A Chicagoan, Paddy Bauler, complained, "We got more excitement in the 43d ward at 11 o'clock Sunday morning when the guys is all in church." Big-city bosses joined with two of FDR's sons in an effort to dump Truman and replace him with the popular Dwight D.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**THOMAS E. DEWEY FILLED HIS SPEECHES WITH PLATITUDES AND CAMPAIGNED, SAID A CRITIC, WITH THE "HUMORLESS CALCULATION OF A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT IN PURSUIT OF THE HOLY GRAIL."**



ON HIS WHISTLE-STOP TOUR OF THE COUNTRY, TRUMAN, HERE WITH DAUGHTER MARGARET AND WIFE BESS IN POCATELLO, IDAHO, ATTACKED THE "DO NOTHING, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING" CONGRESS. POLLSTERS AND PUNDITS ALIKE MISSED HIS GROWING POPULARITY.



Eisenhower. When that attempt fizzled, the Democrats were stuck with Harry.

So certain did the outcome seem that the Republicans felt safe in choosing as their nominee the loser of the 1944 Presidential election, Thomas E. Dewey, a less than magnetic personality. Many recalled the gibe, attributed to Alice Roosevelt Longworth, aimed at New York's proper, mustached, short-statured governor: "He looks like the bridegroom on a wedding cake." Cautious by nature and assured of victory, Dewey filled his speeches with platitudes. "We need a rudder to our ship of state and...a firm hand at the tiller," he declared at one point. "Our streams should abound with fish," he said at another. Most venturesome of all, he noted that "our future lies before us."

Dewey sought the Presidency, one critic noted, with the "humorless calculation of a certified public accountant in pursuit of the Holy Grail." Observed another, "Stacked up against the Archangel Gabriel, Truman doesn't look so good, but stacked up against the array opposing him, he begins to look like the Archangel Gabriel." Still, everyone knew that Harry Truman was doomed.

Everyone but Harry. At the beginning of September, the President set out on a barnstorming tour to drive home his attack on the "do nothing, good-for-nothing" Republican 80th Congress. As he departed by train from Washington's Union Station,

his running mate, Kentucky's Senator Alben Barkley, urged, "Mow 'em down, Harry!" Truman answered, "I'm going to give them hell."

In the next eight weeks, he traveled 22,000 miles and gave 271 speeches. He ridiculed Dewey's attempt to wage a campaign above issues. "Now the Republicans tell me that they stand for unity," Truman cried. "In the old days, Al Smith would have said, 'That's baloney.' Today the Happy Warrior would say, 'That's a lot of hooey.' And if that rhymes with anything, it is not my fault." Delighted by the feisty campaigner, described in one magazine of the day as "a blend of Will Rogers and a fighting cock," the growing crowds yelled back to him, "Give 'em hell, Harry!"

But the pollsters weren't listening [see below]. Two months before Election Day, Elmo Roper even stopped taking polls. The heavy Dewey margin, Roper noted, revealed "an almost morbid resemblance to the Roosevelt-Landon figures as of about this time in 1936." Indeed, Roper wondered why, given what had been learned about how voters make decisions, candidates bothered campaigning at all: "It has become a stunt. Like tearing a telephone directory in two, it impresses without instructing," Roper observed, "Mr. Dewey is still so clearly ahead that we

## Polls Apart

I got into the polling game by accident, and I stayed with it for only a single October weekend in 1948. But one thing I learned was that in at least one Gallup Polled county, the voters' preference for Truman was no last-minute thing.

Williams County, North Dakota, borders Montana and Canada. It is wheat country, so flat that a bump in the road is a topographic event. In my day, the farmers were prosperous enough in good years to vote Republican and sensible enough to winter in California. In bad years, they wore long johns, ate turnips from the root cellar and told one another the winters were getting so mild it was hard to see why anyone would waste good money going to California.

I owed my brief stint as a pollster to my boss, Harry Polk, a Republican stalwart who owned the Williston *Daily Herald* (circ. 5,500). Thanks to Republican control of the courthouse, the *Herald* carried all of the county's official advertising. Polk regarded Williams County as the Heartland of America. His readers, he believed, were America.

Williams County Republicans had always been an unruly bunch, but Polk perceived that for once they were putting their differences aside and falling in behind Dewey. And if that was the way things were going in the Heartland, well, Harry Truman was headed back to haberdashery.

Fearing that pollster George Gallup



**LISTENING TO THE BEAT:  
AUTHOR MEYERS (RIGHT)  
WITH POLK IN 1948.**

might miss the Dewey tide in Williams County, Polk wrote to volunteer his services. The first fat packet of polling materials came by return mail with detailed instructions: So many men and so many women of certain ages were to be interviewed, most of them farmers, male wage earners and housewives, with a smattering of professional and business people, working women and union members. Gallup explained that the mix reflected the make-up of the Williams County electorate.

Nonsense, said Polk. Working women and union members? He took his Gallup questionnaires to the next meeting of the Williston Chamber of Commerce. Sure enough, the Heartland was safe for Dewey. Polk informed Gallup of the good

news and promptly received a \$25 check.

A second packet of polling materials arrived in mid-October. Polk found this incomprehensible. He had already established that the county was solidly behind Dewey. Still, Polk was reluctant to see the fee get away. He deputized me, the *Herald*'s only reporter, to poll in his place—on my own time, of course.

I spent the weekend canvassing Gallup's prescribed mix of voters, including employed women and union members. I reported back to Polk that Truman enjoyed a comfortable lead. Polk didn't believe it for a moment. He went off to a Lions Club meeting to take his own poll. Just as he thought, Dewey was home free. Polk split the \$25 Gallup check with me, pointing out that I might have had it all if I had done a more creditable job.

In November, the voters vindicated Polk's belief that hearts in Williams County and the nation beat as one, though not in the way he hoped. Truman carried Williams County, 2,571 to 2,133. Worst of all for Polk, local Democrats rode Truman's coattails into the courthouse and promptly pulled the county's lucrative advertising out of the *Herald*.

Like Gallup, Harry Polk blamed the unexpected outcome of the election on a last-minute change of voter sentiment. If he had listened more closely to the beat of his Heartland, he—and perhaps George Gallup as well—just might have been less surprised in 1948.

—Burt Meyers

might just as well get ready to listen to his inaugural speech."

That sentiment was all but universal. In St. Louis, top oddsmaker James J. Carroll quoted 15 to 1 against Truman's winning. Democratic leaders in Washington put their homes on the market. Foreign embassies in Washington alerted their capitals to expect a new administration in America. *The New York Times* estimated that Dewey would receive 305 electoral votes, Truman 105. *Newsweek* polled 50 top political writers; every one of them said that Dewey would win. On the eve of the election, the high-priced *Kiplinger Washington Letter* told its readers, "Dewey will be in for eight years, until '57." In its pre-election issue, below a full-page picture of Dewey, *Life* magazine ran the caption, "The Next President Travels by Ferry Boat Over the Broad Waters of San Francisco Bay."

There was one contrary note. When the Staly Milling Company of Kansas City offered its chicken feed for sale in bags marked with either a donkey or an elephant, 54 percent chose the donkey sacks. But the company discontinued its "pullet poll" because it did not believe its results.

On election night, people sat down before their radios to await Dewey's victory statement. At 9 P.M. Truman was ahead, but that, commentators explained, was expected; the Democrats always took a lead in the cities, and Truman would be snowed under when rural areas reported. By 10 P.M. farm regions were coming in, and they were showing less support for the Republicans than had been predicted. But still the experts were unperturbed. Newsboys even hawked an "extra" of the *Chicago Tribune* that bore the headline, "Dewey Defeats Truman."

At midnight, the cities were continuing to pile up Truman majorities, and the countryside (especially the rural Midwest) was still misbehaving. But the 70-year-old radio news announcer H. V. Kaltenborn, long the voice of authority on the airwaves, advised his listeners to keep waiting for those rural returns.

**E**arly in the morning, announcers began to wonder: Would Dewey have enough votes for an outright victory in the Electoral College, or, with neither candidate getting an electoral majority, would the contest be thrown into the House of Representatives? A while later, there was a new question: Did Harry actually have a chance? The feature writer Hal Boyle noted that at the Republican "victory" party in New York the mood of the celebrants had changed from confidence to surprise, "from surprise to doubt, from doubt to disbelief, and then on to stunned fear and panic." By 2:50 A.M., the country's best-known pollster, George Gallup, conceded that Truman might have an electoral majority after all. Gallup, one reporter observed, looked "like an animal eating its young."

By dawn no one doubted any longer that Truman had a chance; victory in any of three large states would push him over. Some listeners, bleary-eyed and disbelieving, tried to catch a few winks. At breakfast they switched the radio on once more; one of



HARRY S. TRUMAN'S PRESIDENTIAL STOCK  
CONTINUES TO RISE. THE FORMER KANSAS CITY  
HABERDASHER DIED IN 1972.

GEORGE SKADDIN/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

those key states, Ohio, was teetering back and forth between the two candidates. At 9:40 that morning Democratic headquarters received a call from Columbus; Truman had only a paper-thin lead, but the districts still not counted were in Democratic Cuyahoga County. Ohio was safe. Truman had pulled off the upset of the century.

Dewey partisans were incredulous. "There are just more damned fools in this country," harrumphed a Buick dealer in the candidate's Owosso, Mich. home town, "than there are intelligent people." Republican Senator Robert Taft said, "I don't care how the thing is explained. It defies all common sense for the country to send that rough-neck ward politician back to the White House."

But on the whole the nation was immensely pleased with itself. In an age of conformity, it had shown a defiant independence. The bumptious Mr. Truman had fooled them all: the smug retinue around Dewey, the wiseacre reporters, the intellectuals who thought they knew the country's heart and mind.

"Public opinion polls," one critic noted, "reach everyone in America, from the farmer in his field right up to the President of the United States, Thomas E. Dewey."

It would take many years for the pollsters to live down the humiliation of this 1948 November night. In Chicago one elderly lady reportedly turned to her bus companion and said, "Now I don't even know whether to believe the Kinsey Report."

Even in retrospect, Truman's victory defied belief. Thurmond's Dixiecrats had cost the President four Southern states; Wallace's Progressives had given Dewey New York, Michigan and Maryland. But while some urban liberals defected to Wallace, most stayed with Truman. And the FDR coalition of lower income, ethnic voters in the cities, buttressed by a "green uprising" of farmers dissatisfied with the Republican 80th Congress, had held. Furthermore, the Republican candidate had waged a lamentable campaign, presenting Truman with a perfect target. Tom Dewey, said Hubert Humphrey, had "snatched defeat out of the jaws of victory."

The Republicans sustained a humiliating setback. They had bought houses in Washington and now, without ever having moved in, had to sell them. They had placed their children in Washington schools and now had to withdraw them. Even worse, they had appropriated a record quarter of a million dollars for the forthcoming inauguration, and now they had to watch the Democrats spend it. Certain of triumph after 16 years out of power, they were now going to have to tolerate at least four more years of Democratic rule. "The only way a Republican will get into the White House," said Groucho Marx, "is to marry Margaret Truman."

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In his first appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee, the self-assured Alger Hiss defended himself against charges he had been a Communist. But public support eroded in the months that followed as evidence against him accumulated. By December 1948, Hiss found himself on trial for perjury.

*The well-born, well-connected New Dealer was accused of spying for Russia.  
It just didn't seem possible, and yet, and yet...*

FORTY YEARS AGO, IN THE MIDST OF PRESIDENT Harry S. Truman's re-election campaign, a conservative journalist accused a liberal public servant of having spied for the Soviet Union a decade earlier. The journalist was Whittaker Chambers, a senior editor of *Time* magazine. The public servant was Alger Hiss, then president of the prestigious Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Their battle occurred against the backdrop of an emerging cold war and was played out on the front pages of the nation's deeply divided press. When the battle ended, one man went to prison, the other lost his job. "We were close friends," Whittaker Chambers lamented during his testimony. "But we got caught in the tragedy of history."

It all began on a blistering August day in 1948. Chambers had been summoned by the House Un-American Activities Committee (H.U.A.C.) to buttress the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley, the so-called "Red Spy Queen," about Soviet espionage in Washington, D.C. At the time, H.U.A.C. was in serious trouble. It was viewed as a haven for racists, ultra-conservatives and publicity hounds. There were rumors that the Democrats would abolish the committee if they regained control of Congress in November. H.U.A.C. needed a breakthrough—a sensational hearing that would rivet national attention on the battle to root out "Reds" and "traitors" from the Truman Administration.

Chambers, a short, round, rumpled-looking man of 47, began the session with a brief description of his life in the Communist Party. He had joined in 1924, convinced that capitalism was crumbling. He had quit in 1938, certain that communism was "slavery." In between, said Chambers, "I had served in the [Soviet] underground in Washington, D.C. [and] knew at its top level seven or so men. [One of them] was Alger Hiss."

The revelation prompted banner headlines: "Time Editor Charges Carnegie Endowment Chief With Red Ties." The following day, Hiss fired off a telegram to the committee demanding to be heard. The members were delighted. They scheduled a public session for later that week.

At first glance, the accuser seemed to have little in common with the accused. Chambers was a man on the edge, driven by fear and self-doubt. His father, a homosexual, had deserted the family when "Whit" was a child. His younger brother

had committed suicide, and his grandmother had gone insane. For his part, young Chambers was expelled from Columbia University for publishing an "obscene" play, and he lost his job at the New York Public Library when stolen books were discovered in his locker. After marrying a young artist in 1932, Chambers had a number of homosexual affairs. He thought frequently about suicide—a temptation throughout his troubled life.

After a brief stint as an editor of *The Daily Worker*, Chambers entered the Communist Party underground in 1932. It was there, he later insisted, that he worked with Alger Hiss. In 1937, at the height of the bloody Soviet purges, Chambers was ordered by his superiors to travel to Moscow. He refused—partly because of his growing disgust with communism, partly because he feared for his life. To protect himself, Chambers made copies of many of the classified Government documents he had received from his spy network in Washington. He hid these "life preservers," as he termed them, in a relative's apartment. Then he disappeared.

Two years later, Chambers resurfaced with a new set of beliefs. He was now a political conservative, a rabid anti-communist and a deeply religious man. He found a job at *Time* magazine, where his writing

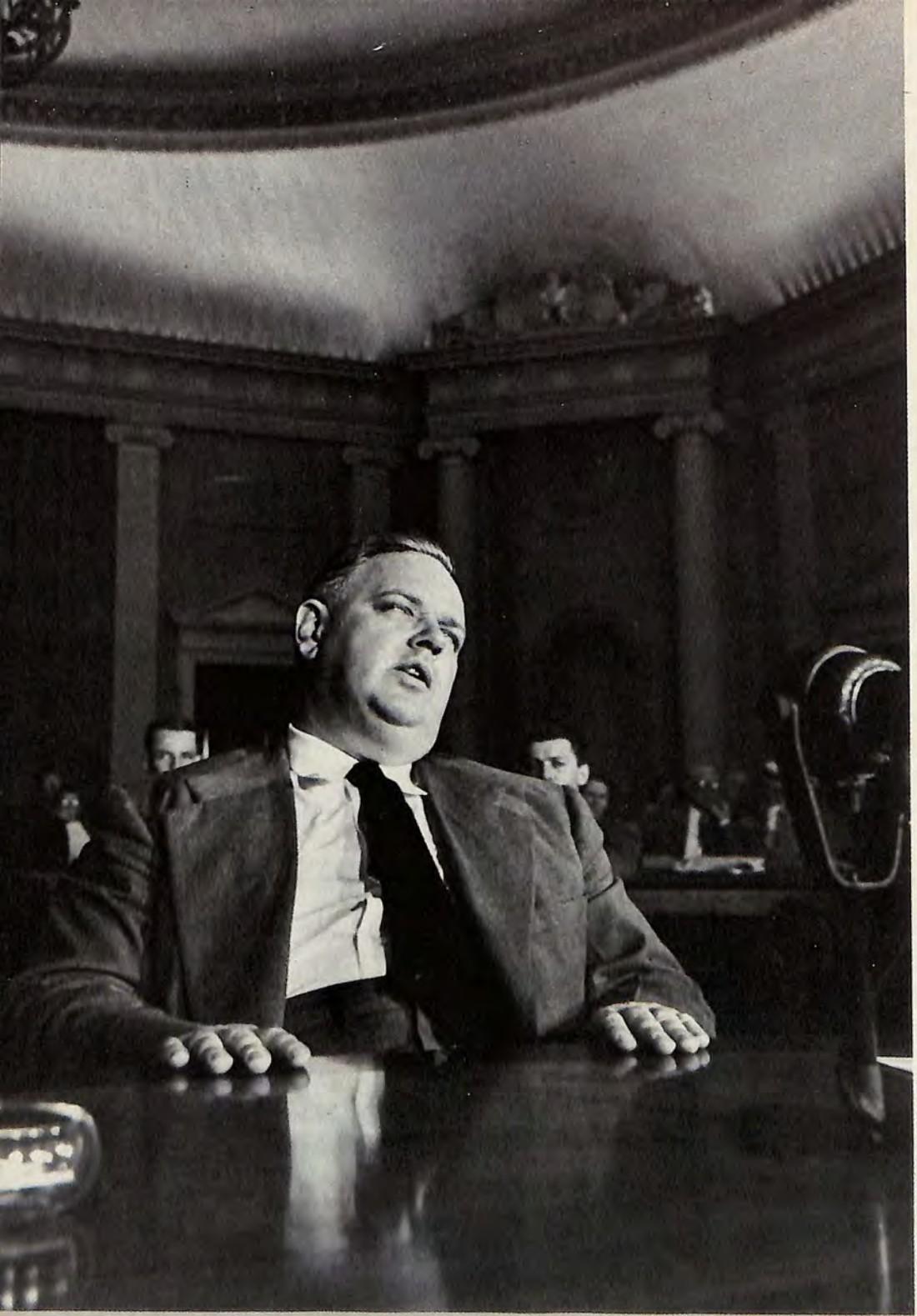
# THE HISS CASE

By David M. Oshinsky



HARRIS & EWING/PHOTO TRENDS

One of the few who doubted Hiss's early testimony was the young Richard Nixon. He and investigator Robert Stripling pressed for more information from Whittaker Chambers; the documents Chambers produced suggested Hiss had been a spy.



THOMAS MOAVOV/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

Chambers testified that he'd been a member of the Communist Party from 1924 to 1938 and swore that he had worked with Hiss in the Party underground.

caught the eye of founder Henry Luce. By 1943 Chambers had moved up to senior editor at a handsome salary of \$30,000 a year. He had a wife, two children, a farm—and a secret he could barely hold inside.

Like Chambers, Alger Hiss had some painful memories. His father slit his throat with a razor when Alger was 3 years old. As a young man, Hiss lost a brother to Bright's disease and a sister to suicide.

Unlike Chambers, however, Hiss excelled at everything he did. He graduated from Johns Hopkins University (Phi Beta Kappa) and Harvard Law School (law review). A protégé of Prof. Felix Frankfurter, he clerked for the legendary Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes before accepting a post in Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal Administration. Like so many of his contemporaries, Hiss had been radicalized

by the mass suffering of the Great Depression. He had come to Washington to help make the Government more responsive to the needs of the common people. He appeared to be the quintessential New Dealer—young, intelligent, sophisticated, idealistic, Ivy League.

Joining the State Department in 1936, Hiss rose quickly through the ranks. He served as an adviser to President Roosevelt at Yalta in 1945, and the following year he presided over the first United Nations Conference in San Francisco. In 1946, Hiss resigned to become president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He was 42 years old.

Despite his impressive résumé, Hiss left the Government under something of a cloud. A former U.S. ambassador to France testified that he had been informed during World War II that French intelligence listed Hiss as a spy (though a deputy said Hiss had been labeled only as a "fellow traveler"). In 1945, a Russian defector had told the F.B.I. about a Soviet agent working in the State Department. On the basis of this report, the Bureau kept Hiss under surveillance for a year.

**H**iss's appearance before H.U.A.C. could not have been more impressive. The hearing room was jammed with friends and supporters of the accused. "I am not and have never been a member of the Communist Party," Hiss declared. "To the best of my knowledge, none of my friends is a Communist. . . . To the best of my knowledge, I [have] never heard of Whittaker Chambers. . . . So far as I know, I have never laid eyes on him."

Hiss answered the committee's questions with regal assurance. When the session ended, the crowd surged forward to congratulate him. The committee members were in disarray. "We've been had," said one. "We're ruined." That afternoon, Truman condemned the H.U.A.C. probe as a red herring cooked up to divert public attention from the failures of the "do-nothing" Republican Congress.

Only one H.U.A.C. member had his doubts about the truth of Hiss's testimony—a first-term Congressman from California named Richard Nixon. Nixon had studied the case carefully with Robert Stripling, H.U.A.C.'s chief investigator. Both men had seen the secret F.B.I. reports. And both men noticed that Hiss had hedged his answers with the words, "To the best of my knowledge. . . ." At Nixon's insistence, a secret meeting was arranged with Chambers in New York. The purpose was simple: to see how much Chambers really knew about Alger Hiss.

Chambers knew a lot. He remembered

intimate details about Hiss's personal habits and those of his wife, Priscilla. He claimed that Hiss was an amateur ornithologist who had once spotted a very rare bird, a prothonotary warbler. Chambers seemed to have known Alger Hiss very well indeed; by the time the session ended, Nixon and Stripling were convinced that Chambers was telling the truth.

Events moved swiftly. The committee recalled Hiss and grilled him about his past behind closed doors. Without knowing it, Hiss corroborated many of the details that Chambers had provided in New York, including the sighting of a prothonotary warbler. Now Hiss changed his story; he claimed to recognize Chambers, whose picture he had seen in the papers, as one "George Crosley," a deadbeat writer he had known briefly—and casually—in 1935. When Nixon suggested a meeting with this "Crosley," Hiss agreed.

The meeting took place at the Commodore Hotel in New York City. The official transcript read:

Mr. Hiss: Are you George Crosley?

Mr. Chambers: Not to my knowledge. You are Alger Hiss, I believe.

Mr. Hiss: I certainly am.

Mr. Chambers: That was my recollection.

After inspecting Chambers from several angles—even looking in his mouth for the bad teeth he remembered George Crosley having—Hiss identified the man before him as Crosley. The meeting ended angrily, with Hiss daring his accuser to repeat his charges outside the committee room, where he could be sued for slander. "I challenge you to do it," Hiss snapped at Chambers, "and I hope you will do it damned quickly."

Chambers obliged him. Appearing on the radio show *Meet the Press* a few days later, he stated that "Alger Hiss was a Communist and may be one now." Nothing happened. Weeks went by without a response. The previously sympathetic *Washington Post* urged Hiss "to put up or shut up. [He] has left himself no alternative." Finally, in September and October 1948, Hiss sued Chambers for \$75,000.

For Hiss, this was a terrible mistake. It forced Chambers to produce the more damaging material he had been reluctant to use against a former friend. In November 1948, Chambers returned to his relative's apartment. Reaching into a dumbwaiter shaft, he pulled out a large envelope covered with dust. Inside were 65 typewritten documents, five rolls of microfilm and several sheets of hand-written notes.

The material was devastating. It was drawn from highly classified State Department cables, some of which had been re-typed on an old Woodstock traced to Hiss,

some of which had been copied or summarized in Hiss's own handwriting. The subjects ranged from trade negotiations in Europe to military developments in the Far East. Suddenly the ground had shifted from membership in the Communist Party to espionage.

Chambers turned over some of the material to the Justice Department, which he did not entirely trust. Suspicious as ever, he hid the microfilm in a scooped-out pumpkin on his Maryland farm. This—the so-called Pumpkin Papers—he would later give to Nixon, Stripling and the House Committee. In December 1948, a Federal grand jury indicted Hiss for perjury. (The statute of limitations for espionage had expired.)

A generation seemed on trial at the Federal courthouse in New York City's Foley Square. Hiss claimed to be a scapegoat, a loyal New Dealer who was being victimized by the right-wing enemies of Franklin Roosevelt. His main defense was his reputation. Dozens of prominent Americans—from Gov. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois to Supreme Court Justices Felix Frankfurter and Stanley Reed—endorsed the defendant's "good character." Eleanor Roosevelt declared, "I am going to believe in Alger Hiss's integrity until [he is] proven guilty." One liberal supporter went fur-

ther. "Even if Hiss were to confess his guilt," he said, "I wouldn't believe it."

Hiss did not confess, of course, and hasn't to this day. But prosecutor Thomas Murphy did a skillful job of casting doubt on his defenses. Murphy demonstrated that Hiss and Chambers had known each other well, not "casually," in the 1930's; that their relationship had continued into 1938 when Chambers gathered the incriminating material for his own protection, and that Hiss had possessed the Woodstock typewriter at that time, despite his claims to the contrary. In his summation, Murphy described Hiss as "another Benedict Arnold, another Judas Iscariot. . . . Inside of that smiling face the heart is black and cancerous. He is a traitor."

The jury could not reach a verdict. The final vote was eight for conviction, four opposed. A new trial was scheduled, and prosecutor Murphy felt good about his chances. The revelations of the first trial had undermined Hiss's support; only five character witnesses chose to reappear. Among the missing: Supreme Court Justices Frankfurter and Reed.

International tensions also complicated the Hiss defense. In the four months between his trials, the cold war had heated up. Congress approved the NATO treaty, China fell to the Communists, and the

**W**ittaker Chambers's testimony before H.U.A.C. effectively ended two careers, his own as well as Alger Hiss's. Over the months he had become a public relations embarrassment, an ex-Soviet agent who had informed on his friend, and *Time* pensioned him off. Even after Hiss was convicted of perjury in 1950, Chambers could not find a job in journalism. Depressed, he returned to Maryland to write his autobiography.

Two years later, Chambers sent the manuscript to Henry Regnery, a publisher of conservative tracts. The 800-page book was called *Witness*, and it began it with a quotation from *Hamlet*:

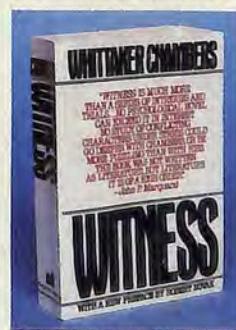
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
O speak!—

Hailed by *The New York Times* as "one of the most significant autobiographies of the 20th century," *Witness* became a best seller in 1952 and helped shape a generation of conservatives. The book framed the world struggle in absolute terms: good and evil, light and darkness, freedom and tyranny. The author inveighed against Communists and New Dealers alike. Both

groups were revolutionary, Chambers argued, both wanted a socialist state, and both placed man above God.

Although *Witness* transformed Chambers into a hero of the American right, he remained enigmatic. Unlike many conservatives of the 1950's, he despised Senator Joseph McCarthy, refused to join the conservative protest against Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev's visit to America, and opposed the effort to deny Alger Hiss a passport. Chambers had not softened his position on Hiss; far from it. But, he wrote, "I feel strongly that it is the right of man to travel freely. . . . and that any extensive restriction of that right is among the usurpations that feed the Total State."

Chambers died of a heart attack in 1961. Forgotten for a time, his niche in history now seems secure. In 1984 President Reagan awarded him a posthumous Medal of Freedom, and in 1987 his autobiography was reissued to admiring reviews. —D.O.



Russians successfully tested an atomic bomb, bringing America's nuclear monopoly to an end.

The effect of these events on the jurors in Hiss's second trial is difficult to gauge. It may have prejudiced them against him, though the Government's case was extremely strong. In any event, the second trial lasted about six weeks; the jury deliberated less than 24 hours. The verdict: guilty. The sentence: five years in the Federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa.

Hiss was stunned. He sat motionless as reporters dashed for the telephones. "I couldn't believe that such a blatant miscarriage of justice was possible," he wrote in his most recent autobiographical book, *Recollections of a Life*, published this year. "I was now facing imprisonment for a crime I had not committed."

The conviction came on Jan. 22, 1950. Two weeks later a British scientist named Klaus Fuchs confessed to "the crime of the century"—funneling A-bomb plans to the Russians. His confession began a chain of events that would end three years later with the executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. On Feb. 9, 1950, a young

senator from Wisconsin used the Hiss verdict as a springboard for his first major speech warning against domestic communism. His name was Joseph McCarthy. He charged—outrageously—that the whole Government was loaded with Reds. A new era had begun.

Hiss was a model prisoner at Lewisburg. He worked in the warehouse, sang in the choir and taught fellow inmates to read and write. His closest friends were Mafiosi. In an interview, he described them, perhaps revealingly, as "wonderful people . . . the healthiest people [here]. They have absolutely no sense of guilt."

Hiss was released from Lewisburg in 1954 after serving 4½ years. He returned to New York City, determined to keep his case alive. He bombarded the Federal courts with new motions and appeals—all to no avail. His defenders produced a dozen books putting forth a dozen new arguments. In 1957 Hiss produced his own account of the case, called *In the Court of Public Opinion*. It sold poorly and received withering reviews.

In 1959 Hiss separated from his wife, who had visited him faithfully in prison and raised their son by herself. Hiss said she could no longer stand the notoriety of the case. While he wanted to continue the battle for vindication, she wanted to change their name and move far away. "Priscilla and I made several attempts at reconciliation," Hiss wrote recently, "but . . . the wounds were too deep."

By the 1960's, the case had almost faded from view. While continuing his appeals, Hiss worked long hours as a printing executive in New York. Then, in 1968, came a renewed threat: Richard Nixon, the man who, in effect, had launched his political career by "getting" Alger Hiss, was elected President of the United States.

But the new President turned out to be an asset. His

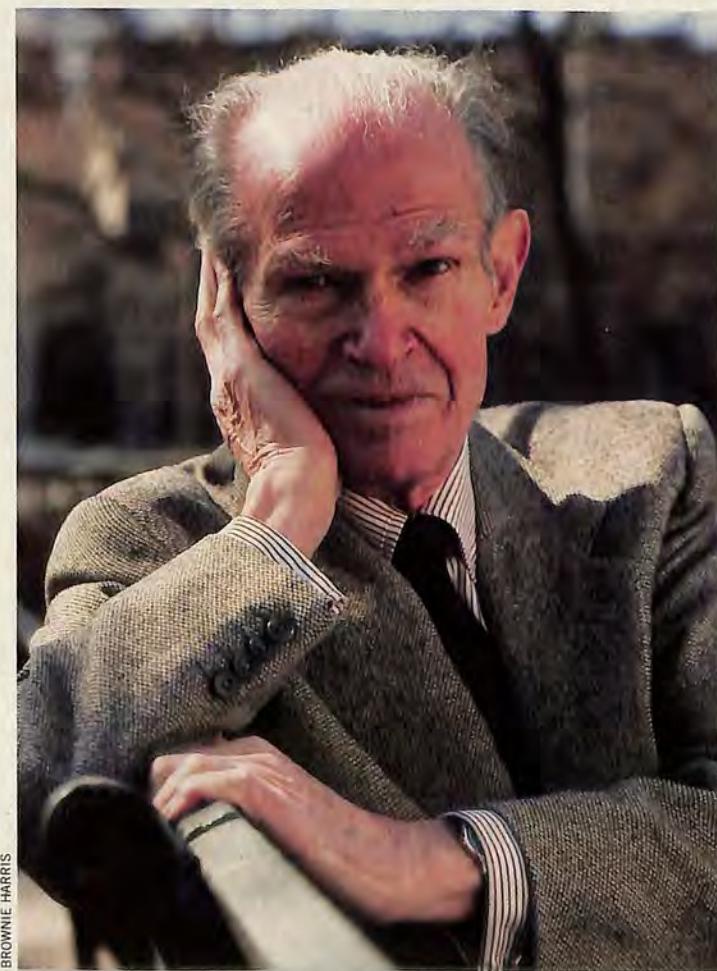
downfall—Watergate—became a symbol of lawbreaking and lying in the highest reaches of Government. If Richard Nixon and his men were capable of committing such acts in 1972, people wondered, what dirty tricks had they pulled in the past? Before long, the feeling grew that anyone ever attacked by Nixon might have been innocent. And that included Alger Hiss.

**H**iss made the most of his opportunity. He toured the lecture circuit as Nixon's "first political victim," drawing crowds and big fees at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Rutgers and other universities. Sandwiched between Neil Sedaka and the Fifth Dimension, he protested his innocence on TV's *Mike Douglas Show*. In 1975 the Massachusetts Supreme Court voted unanimously to readmit him to the state bar. It was a small victory, though Hiss tried to inflate its importance by claiming that "all seven judges of that court believed me to have been innocent." In reality, the judges wrote that "nothing we have said here should be construed as detracting one iota from the fact that in considering Hiss's petition we consider him to be guilty as charged." His reinstatement was based on his good behavior since leaving prison.

The case aroused new interest in 1978, with the publication of *Perjury*, by historian Allen Weinstein. Using newly released files from the State Department and the F.B.I., Weinstein, who had begun his research believing Hiss innocent, attacked the theories that Hiss and his supporters had advanced for so long. These theories ranged from a "faked" Woodstock (or "forgery by typewriter") to the belief that Chambers was seeking revenge against Hiss because the latter had spurned Chambers's homosexual advances. Most reviewers of *Perjury* found Weinstein's conclusion that Alger Hiss had been a Soviet spy in the 1930's convincing.

In 1983 the Federal courts denied Hiss's petition for an appeal, thereby ending his 30-year struggle for legal redress. Hiss was bitterly disappointed. Ten years before, he had told a reporter, "By the time I am 80, I expect to be respected and venerated." But today, on the eve of his 84th birthday, Hiss remains far from that goal. Belief in his innocence is limited to factions of the American left. On the surface, at least, Hiss remains optimistic. "Only in the future," he says, "will it be possible for my . . . verdict to be set right. I have no doubt that day will come."

DAVID M. OSHINSKY is a professor of history at Rutgers University. He is the author of *A Conspiracy So Immense: The World of Joe McCarthy* and other books.



BROWNE HARRIS

Since his release from prison in 1954, Hiss has tried to clear his name. But today, at age 83, vindication still eludes him.

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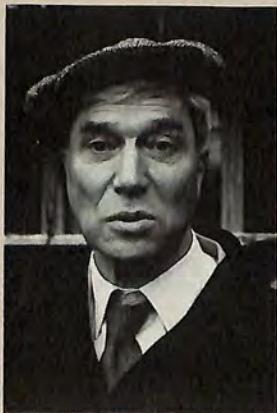
# 30

years  
ago



Ike: Sends Marines to Lebanon

WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM



**BOOKMARKS** Boris Pasternak, author of *Doctor Zhivago*, wins Nobel Prize, forbidden to accept by Soviet government . . . *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov's first best seller, published in America . . . Other best sellers—Robert Traver's *Anatomy of a Murder*, John O'Hara's *From the Terrace*, Art Linkletter's *Kids Say the Darndest Things!*, Harry Golden's *Only in America*.

CORNELL CAPA/MAGNUM

PICTORIAL PARADE



**HIGH TECH** Triton launched, largest submarine in the world . . . X-15 rocket plane shown to public, will fly 4,500 m.p.h. at altitudes of 100 to 150 miles . . . Tranquillizer thalidomide identified as cause of thousands of birth defects.

PHOTOFEST



**HITS** TV program *Maverick* among top 10 with James Garner (Bret), Jack Kelly (Bart), Charles Fredericks (Shotgun Sparks) . . . Other favorites—*Wagon Train*, *Gunsmoke*, *Have Gun, Will Travel* . . . Hit songs—Everly Brothers' "All I Have to Do Is Dream" and "Bird Dog," Johnny Mathis's "A Certain Smile" . . . Top album, Ricky Nelson's *Ricky*.

BURT GANNON/MAGNUM



**EVENTS** U.S. Marines land in Lebanon after bloody revolution in neighboring Iraq . . . France adopts new constitution . . . Chinese Communists shell Quemoy and Matsu . . . Khrushchev visits Mao in China, both agree main threat to world peace is Western "imperialist war maniacs."



OUTLINE PRESS

## STARTS

### AND FINISHES

Michael Jackson born, Aug. 29 . . . Actor Tyrone Power dies at 44 . . . John F. Kennedy re-elected to Senate . . . Pope Pius XII dies . . . Cardinal Roncalli elected Pope, chooses name John XXIII.

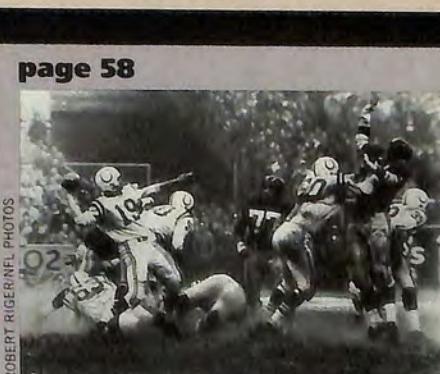
## First name in Denims!



COURTESY OF LEVI STRAUSS

**FIGURES** Blue jeans sell for \$3.75 . . . Flight from New York to Houston, \$66.65 . . . Inflation 1.9%, balance of international payments + \$5.8 billion.

page 58



ROBERT RIGER/NFL PHOTOS



page 46



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## 30 YEARS AGO: CARIL ANN FUGATE GOES TO PRISON

*Forty-four hours. Ten people dead. The 14-year-old girl and her 18-year-old lover were on the lam, and all of Nebraska was looking for them.*

At her booking in Gering, Neb., Fugate is comforted by Hazel Heflin. Hazel's husband, Earl (right), the Douglas, Wyo. sheriff, looks on. Gering Deputy Sheriff C. J. Lane is at left.



DOWNEY'S FINE PHOTOGRAPHY

**O**n Nov. 20, 1958, 15-year-old Caril Ann Fugate became the youngest woman in the U.S. ever sentenced to life in prison. In what one reporter described as the "deathly silence" that followed the sentencing, the grown-up composure that the teen-ager had managed to maintain through her month-long trial in Lincoln, Neb. finally crumbled. "If they thought I was guilty," Fugate tearfully asked, "why didn't they give me the electric chair?" It was the very fate to which her 19-year-old boyfriend, Charles Raymond Starkweather, had already been condemned.

The jury rejected Fugate's contention that she had been held hostage by Starkweather during a 44-hour killing spree that left 10 people dead—at the time, the second largest mass murder in the nation's history. The arguments of the prosecution, the testimony of Starkweather himself and, some say, the slanted reporting of the press persuaded the jury that Fugate had



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS  
**When bad boy Charlie Starkweather said he wanted to make eighth-grader Caril Fugate his wife, all hell broke loose. Their saga formed the basis for the movie *Badlands*.**

gone along for more than the ride in Starkweather's 1949 Ford, and that she had been a willing participant, not a frightened victim.

In that more innocent time, the brutality of the crimes horrified an America already apprehensive that its young might spin out of control, impelled by the pelvic gyrations of Elvis Presley and the T-shirted characters portrayed by rebel without a cause James Dean. Starkweather dangled a Winston from the corner of his mouth and packed a bad attitude. With his shocking red hair, ice-green eyes magnified by thick glasses, and bandy-legged body wrapped in denim and leather, he came to personify every parent's nightmare.

The killer's June 1959 death in the electric chair left Fugate the only person to know for certain just what happened that terrifying last week of January 1958.

"I don't believe I have anything to be afraid of because the Lord knows I am innocent," she said at a press conference

two days before her trial. "If I am found guilty... they made a big mistake." She had been certain, she said, that Starkweather was crazy and would kill her, too, if she didn't go along. A reporter asked if she thought her former boyfriend deserved the electric chair. "It is not for me to say," she answered coolly. Her seeming lack of emotion convinced some reporters of her complicity. Others saw in it the effects of severe trauma.

Violent crime had rarely disturbed the peace of sleepy Lincoln (pop. 110,000), where Police Chief Joe Carroll liked to boast that no murder—fewer than one a year, on the average—went unsolved. Here Caril Ann Fugate grew up poor and a child of divorce. A black-and-white snapshot in an old photo album shows her pretty mother, Velda, and her curly-topped baby half-sister sitting in a cluttered, dingy living room. Another photo records the dirt yard behind the asbestos-shingled house she called home. A small girl with a round face, Caril talked a blue streak, according to her father, and liked dressing in jeans and bobby socks. Friends recall a bright, alert girl longing to become a baton twirler once she got to high school.

**D**ating Charlie Starkweather didn't help her grades any. The couple began going together in 1957, when she was 13 and he 18. He too had suffered an impoverished childhood, made worse by the taunts of playmates about his physical peculiarities (he also had a speech impediment that turned l's into w's). By the time he reached his teens, he'd become a battler with a hair-trigger temper. "When I was fighting those who picked on me," he once said, "I fought fast and furious like a maniac in rage and fury." He quit school at 16 to become a garbage collector but lost the job shortly before the murders.

The one thing Charlie Starkweather seemed clear about—besides his fondness for guns and his big black Ford—was wanting to marry Caril Fugate. Not surprisingly, her mother and stepfather couldn't abide him. They urged Caril to break off the relationship. Caril wouldn't, or couldn't. "He's got that girl so crazy mixed-up," her grandmother, Pansy Street, once observed, "she don't know what she's doing."

The inevitable explosion came the night Caril's stepfather forbade Starkweather to see her anymore. A note in Starkweather's hand, but sounding curiously as if dictated by Fugate, described the event: "My dad got mad and began to hit him and was pushing him all over. Then Chuck got mad, and there was no stopping him."

JOHN SAVAGE COLLECTION/WESTERN HERITAGE MUSEUM, OMAHA, NEB.



Two days after her family's bodies were discovered in some run-down outbuildings, Fugate, 14, was arrested in Wyoming with her boyfriend. In a note on his cell wall, Starkweather blamed her for two murders.

When it was over, Fugate's mother and stepfather had been shot dead. Her 2½-year-old half-sister had been stabbed and fatally beaten.

Starkweather hauled the bodies outside and stashed them in the chicken coop and outhouse. For a week he and Fugate holed up in the house. Caril told anyone who came to the door that the family had the flu. Relatives got worried. "It don't make sense that my own daughter wouldn't let me in the house to see her if she's sick," said Grandmother Street.

When the police at last came to investigate, they neglected to check the outbuildings and found nothing and no one. Spooked by too many close calls, the couple had fled in Starkweather's Ford. A few hours later the bodies were discovered.

For the next two days the fugitives cut a swath of terror through the countryside. At one point, as they looked for a hideout, their car got stuck in mud. A 70-year-old farmer who sometimes allowed Starkweather to hunt on his property offered to help. Starkweather thanked him with a fatal blast from his shotgun. Abandoning the Ford, the pair then hitched a lift with a couple from the local high school. Starkweather and Fugate left the unlucky duo dead and made off in their car.

Returning to Lincoln the next morning, they stopped in the affluent country-club section of town where Starkweather once collected garbage. C. Lauer Ward, a prominent businessman, was returning home from an afternoon visit with the governor of Nebraska, only to be shot dead in the vestibule of his house. Upstairs lay the bodies of his murdered wife and their housekeeper. Starkweather put on a freshly-laundered white shirt from the victim's closet, then tried to disguise himself by darkening his hair with shoe polish. The couple took Ward's 1956 Packard and headed for Wyoming.

By now all of Nebraska felt the grip of panic. Hardware stores were cleaned out of guns and ammunition. Citizens flocked to courthouses to be sworn in for a posse. Callers jammed police switchboards with false reports of Starkweather sightings. Parents escorted their children to and from school. The governor called up a company of combat-ready National Guardsmen. Even Chief Carroll found a loaded double-barreled shotgun lying across his kitchen table, placed there by his 12-year-old son in case Starkweather came calling.

But Starkweather was running out of calling cards—and luck. On the outskirts of Douglas, Wyo. the morning after the Ward killings, he approached a new Buick parked by the side of the road, its owner asleep in the front seat. He shot the man,

jumped in the car and summoned Fugate. The Buick wouldn't start. A passing motorist stopped and offered to help.

Not far down the road, Deputy Sheriff Bill Romer found himself stuck in traffic. Up ahead he saw two men wrestling over a gun. Suddenly a teen-age girl jumped out of a car and raced to him screaming, "Save me! Save me! He's going to shoot me!" As the hysterical girl blurted out that she was Caril Fugate, Starkweather abandoned his struggle with the motorist, leaped back into the Packard and sped away from the scene. At that moment Romer realized he had just seen America's most-wanted fugitive.

Alerted by a radio call from Romer, Sheriff Earl Heflin and Police Chief Bob Ainsley spotted Starkweather's car passing them in the opposite direction and going over 100 miles per hour. They spun their car around and gave chase, careening down Main Street, firing at the car. Then, about five miles outside town, Starkweather suddenly stopped and surrendered. Having eluded every law enforcement officer in Nebraska, Starkweather gave himself up to the chief of a two-man police force and a cowboy sheriff with a fondness for silk shirts and snake-skin boots. Flying glass had cut the killer's ear; apparently he was afraid he might bleed to death. "That's the kind of yellow s.o.b. he is," Sheriff Heflin said back at the lockup. All over Nebraska relieved citizens put their guns away and slept soundly for the first time in 48 hours.

Starkweather's trial took just 18 days in the summer of 1958. Despite the number of killings, he was tried only for the shooting of one of the high-school students. Because he had confessed to the police, even admitting to the murder of a service-station attendant two months before the January carnage, neither his conviction nor the death sentence were ever in much doubt.

Starkweather's depiction of Fugate's role in the killings underwent a dramatic change. "She had nothing to do with it," he told police at the time of his capture. The next day he scratched an inscription on his cell wall, "Charlie kill 9, Caril kill 2." The more the police interviewed him, the more he implicated her.

It was Starkweather himself, wearing handcuffs and leg irons, who was the state's star witness at Fugate's trial for helping him murder the student. On the day of his testimony, 200 would-be spectators were turned away from the courtroom.

WILX-TV LANSING

**At a press conference following a 1983 TV appearance, Fugate, now 45, declared herself "vindicated." The executed Starkweather, she says today, "got off easy."**

He told the jury that Fugate had watched television while he dragged the bodies of her family outside. He also testified that on several occasions she had been left alone with loaded guns and even insisted that before the two left the house, he handed her his rifle and asked her to shoot him, but she refused. "I don't care if she lives or dies," he told the jury.

James McArthur, Fugate's court-appointed defense attorney, remained convinced of his client's innocence through an onslaught of hate mail and late-night phone calls inviting him to "necktie parties." Under his questioning, she testified that she had not known of her family's death and accompanied Starkweather out of fear for their safety. In cross-examination, Fugate admitted that she had let Starkweather kiss her during their flight, a detail the press made much of.

"Even 14-year-old girls must realize they can't go on murder sprees," the prosecutor said in his summary. The jury agreed. They found her guilty in less than 10 hours.

Ironically, Fugate's sole hope for freedom came to rest on Starkweather's changing his story before he died. Perhaps if she could save him he would save her, and she pleaded for a commutation of his sentence. But both Nebraska's Governor Ralph Brooks and President Eisenhower turned a deaf ear.

For the first year of her sentence at the Nebraska Center for Women, Fugate was kept in solitary confinement to protect her from older inmates. After 10 years in prison Fugate earned a high-school diploma. Community service and good behavior eventually recommended her to Governor James Exon as someone who could become "a valuable working member of our

Nebraska community."

At her parole hearing in 1976, Fugate said she felt "sorry for the people who have hated me so bad for 18 years because it has destroyed their lives. They have locked themselves into a prison of hate." Then she added: "I'd like to settle down, get married, have kids, keep the house, dust, clean toilets. You know, just an ordinary dumpy little housewife."

"Whether she is guilty or innocent is irrelevant," Jacqueline Crawford, Superintendent of the Nebraska Center for Women, testified at the hearing. "Nebraska has got its pound of flesh." The board concurred. Nearly 18 years after her conviction, Caril Ann Fugate was given her freedom.

Over the years some of her accusers have changed their minds about her guilt, some have not. Earl Heflin, the Wyoming sheriff who helped capture Starkweather, believes she played no part in the crimes. Bob Ainsley, the police chief of Douglas, Wyo., still labels her a "criminal" but adds, "I don't think she was a killer herself, just a participant." Lincoln Police Chief Joe Carroll remains convinced that she had "worlds of time" to alert someone to her plight and that she actually murdered two of the victims.

In February 1983, attorney F. Lee Bailey convinced Fugate to take a polygraph test on the television program *Lie Detector*. Within the narrow limits of the questions, she "passed" the test and promptly declared herself "vindicated."

Now 45, Fugate, looking much the same as she did on the telecast, works as a hospital orderly in Michigan and has a regular babysitting job. Unmarried, her dream of settling down with a family has remained as unfulfilled as her adolescent yearning to become a baton twirler.

Though reluctant to expose herself to further public scrutiny, she remains determined to prove her innocence, particularly that she knew nothing about and had nothing to do with her family's deaths. "Nebraska was not fair in their treatment of a 14-year-old girl caught up in an insane situation," she said in a recent telephone interview. "I looked to them to help me and they deserted me." She began to cry. "You don't know how many times I wish Nebraska had executed me," she said, finally. "It would have been kinder than what was done to me. He [Starkweather] was the one who got off easy."

BILL KELLY is a reporter and special-segment producer for WOWT-TV in Omaha, Neb.

**30 YEARS AGO:**  
**QUIZ SHOWS ARE CAUGHT CHEATING**

Quiz programs were the nation's favorite TV entertainment, until some questions were asked and some answers given—under oath.

# The \$64,000 Scandal

**T**elevision viewers under the age of 40 probably cannot imagine it, but there was a time, before Vanna White, before *Hollywood Squares* and *The Dating Game*, when quiz shows were electrifying, when incredible fortunes were being made by regular Joes and Janes in contests that gripped the nation. Sadly, the Golden Age of Quizdom was over almost as quickly as it began, when it came to light that many of the contests had been staged and that some winners and losers, chosen for their telegenic appeal, had even been coached in the grimace, the hesitation and the furrowed brow.

Within the space of three weeks in the fall of 1958, the two most popular shows, *The \$64,000 Question* and *Twenty-One*, were yanked off the air. Albert Freedman, the

By Jonathan Z. Larsen



PICTORIAL PARADE



With Jack Barry as host, *Twenty-One* improved on the quiz-show formula by eliminating the \$64,000 cap and by pitting contestants—paired for maximum drama—against each other.

producer of *Twenty-One*, was led off in handcuffs in plain view of news photographers. When the entire story came out before Congress a year later, *Today* show host Dave Garroway wept on the air, and President Eisenhower broke off from a round of golf to scold, "I think it was a terrible thing to do to the American public."

From the beginning, it had been the sheer size of the plunder that had transfixed the viewing public. Introduced in June 1955, the first jackpot quiz show, *The \$64,000 Question*, was an instant, colossal hit that soon ousted *I Love Lucy* from the number-one prime-time spot. In those days, the top prize of \$64,000 was enough to buy a big house and a fancy car—with money left over.

*Twenty-One*, which came on the following year, had no limits (except, as everyone later learned, the patience of the producers, who would stop feeding answers to contestants they wanted to lose). Charles Van Doren won \$129,000. Elfrida von Nardroff earned more than \$220,000 from 21 appearances on *Twenty-One* (later, one had to wonder if the number had been a coincidence or an inside joke). Robert Strom, a child prodigy whose specialty was science—and who was not implicated in any wrongdoing—racked up \$242,600 on various shows before he entered the sixth grade.

Major success on any of these shows meant instant recognition. "Nobody could ever imagine the power of that goofy program unless you were a winner," recalls contestant Billy Pearson, who also was not implicated. "I've been into the wilds of Montana, where they didn't have TV, and some old guy would come up and shake my hand. 'Bill Pearson? Oh, didn't you used to be on...?' I didn't



"In" jokes? Top money-winner Elfrida von Nardroff made 21 appearances on *Twenty-One*. In a celebrated horticultural matchup, Snodgrass wilted as Bloomgarden blossomed.

## SAMPLE QUESTIONS:

### The \$64,000 Question

1. (GEOGRAPHY) Many American towns are named after older towns in other countries—thus Vienna, Ga.; Syracuse, N.Y.; Damascus, Va. and Lidici, Ill. are named after much older towns. Name the country in which are located the older Vienna, Syracuse, Damascus and Lidici.
2. (ANIMALS) Watching the monkeys is a favorite part to every visit to the zoo. However, if you saw the following primates in their native habitats, where in the world would you be? The gorilla, the Barbary ape, orangutan, ai.
3. (GERMANY) While still negotiating a territorial dispute with Poland, Germany invaded that country in 1939. Identify first, the strip of disputed territory, second, its Baltic Sea port city, and third, the river on which it is located.
4. (SHAKESPEARE) Rosalind and Celia travel to the Forest of Arden in *As You Like It*. Both girls are in disguise and are accompanied by the court clown. What is the clown's name?
5. (SHIPS) On Sept. 23, 1779, in one of the most famous naval engagements in history, an American ship engaged a British vessel in a bloody moonlight battle off the coast of Scarborough, England. Name first, the American ship, second, the man who commanded it, and third, the British vessel which it fought.
6. (FAIRY TALES) Because her mother craved rampion, this lovely girl became a prisoner of an old witch who used her hair to climb to the top of the tower in which the girl was imprisoned. Who was the girl?

### The \$64,000 Challenge

7. (SPORTS) It's the ninth inning of the fourth game of the 1947 World Series between the Yankees and the Dodgers. Yankee pitcher Floyd Bevens is within one out of the first no-hitter in World Series history. At this crucial point he walks two Dodgers. Then a pinch-hitter doubles, winning the game for the Dodgers. Who was the pinch hitter? For whom did he pinch-hit? Who were the two Brooklyn Dodgers who walked before the hit? Finally, the players who walked were both replaced by pinch runners who actually scored the winning runs. Name the two runners.

Answers: See page 57.

mind. It got you a better table in a restaurant."

For the winners, fame was all but assured, as contestants returned week after week, working their way up, doubling their winnings with each appearance. It took seven weeks to reach the maximum on *The \$64,000 Question*, more than enough time to become a national celebrity. Which was precisely the problem. Producers (or in some cases sponsors) who wanted to dictate which contestants would enjoy long runs on their programs had two options: exert subtle control, or rig the shows outright. In the controlled shows, the producers would sustain or eliminate contestants simply through the choice of questions. In the rigged shows, the producers supplied the correct answers to their favorites and, in some cases, persuaded the "losers" to flub questions they could have answered correctly.

*The \$64,000 Question* matched contestants with unlikely categories: a shoemaker with opera, a grandmother with baseball. *Twenty-One*, which premiered in the fall of 1956, improved the formula. Not only was there no limit to the purse, but the contestants were pitted against each other. What one contestant won was taken from the other; contestants were paired for maximum drama and tension. As in televised wrestling, the producers liked to match a heavy against a hero. And, as in wrestling, they made sure the hero ultimately triumphed.

Nothing established the popularity of *Twenty-One* more than the confrontation between the charming Columbia College instructor Charles Van Doren and Herbert Stempel, the unpolished City College student who just happened to have a good mind. In a fair fight, Stempel might well have won. But host Jack Barry



In a fair fight, the unpolished Herbert Stempel, here talking to reporters after calling *Twenty-One* rigged, might have beaten the charming, popular Charles Van Doren. But the fix was in.

and his partner, Dan Enright, the show's creators, decided to fix the contest for Van Doren by feeding him the right answers at the same time they told Stempel to miss questions he may have known the answers to.

Everything about the contest was staged, right down to Stempel's clothes and deportment. Although he came from a middle-class Queens, New York family, Stempel was presented to viewers as a poor boy from Brooklyn. He was told to have his hair cut in "whitewall" Marine-recruit style and to wear threadbare suits. Throughout the encounter, Stempel was told to call the host "Mr. Barry," while Van Doren called him "Jack."

And so, as scripted, Stempel ultimately lost to the popular Van Doren. Enright and Barry had judged their audience accurately—

the show roared past *The \$64,000 Question* in the ratings. But they had seriously miscalculated the effect of their manipulations on the designated loser.

Stempel, who had won a relatively meager \$25,000, seethed as he watched Van Doren go on to fame and fortune. He telephoned Enright to ask for a rematch, this time with no coaching for either side. When Enright said no, Stempel took his accusations to the Manhattan District Attorney, prompting *Twenty-One*'s packagers to sue him for libel and Van Doren to issue a firm denial. ("I can understand the hurt and resentment," Enright says today. "I think we should have been more mindful that you can't just pluck someone out of nowhere and expect him to go back to nowhere.")

## The Man Who Knew Too Much

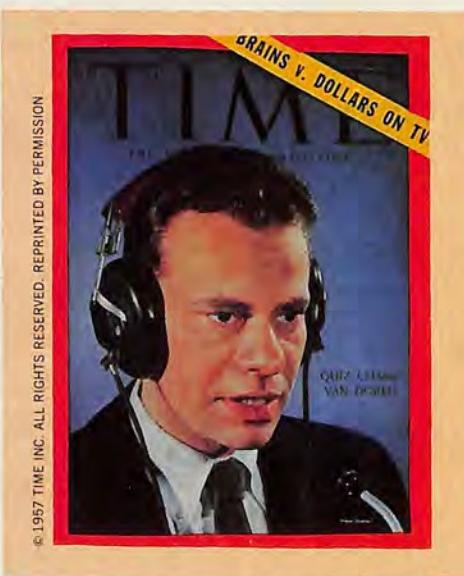
By LESTER BERNSTEIN

If Charles Van Doren had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him. Indeed, in a sense he was invented. Van Doren provided the brains, warmth, good looks and amiable modesty. His television handlers provided advance answers and coaching on how to deliver them with suspenseful, lip-gnawing concentration.

It was a winning combination. Van Doren, a 30-year-old English instructor at Columbia University, became a national hero. After a mere eight weeks of exposure on *Twenty-One* in early 1957, he made the cover of *Time*, a distinction never bestowed on his father, Mark, or his uncle, Carl, two of the country's most distinguished men of letters. In addition to giving eggheads a good name (at least for a while), Van Doren won more in prize money than anyone before him, a then staggering \$129,500, plus an NBC contract for \$50,000 a year as a commentator on *Today* and other programs.

The *Time* cover story's paean to this "engaging, curly-haired, lanky (6 ft. 2½ in., 160 lbs.) image of the all-American boy" was hardly a model of penetrating journalism. I ought to know; I wrote it. The awe in which I held his father, the poet, scholar and one of Columbia's great teachers (of literature), may have had something to do with my weakness for the son. Too, the younger Van Doren seemed as trustworthy as he was disarming. Scarcely a smidgen of skepticism showed up in the notes of the *Time* reporting team that spent days poking about in his life.

There was, however, one observation that even today seems poised on the brink of an insight. Along with charm, the story said, Van Doren "combines the universal erudition of a Renaissance man with the nerve and cunning of a riverboat gambler and the showmanship of the born actor." And a prophetic judgment came from a



former classmate of Van Doren's at St. John's College, who thought that Charlie's embrace of TV debased his values. "He's under a kind of Faustian pact with the devil," the classmate said.

Charlie's Mephistopheles appeared in the form of a television producer named Albert Freedman, who told Van Doren that quiz shows *had* to be rigged to be entertaining, and that he wanted to cast Charlie as the white knight who would crush the show's reigning champion, the rough-edged Herbert Stempel. Freedman brushed aside Van Doren's willingness to try the role without help. Think, Freedman told him, how his prowess would enhance the status of teachers and intellectuals. Freedman sweetened the prospect with a \$1,000 advance, and Charlie slipped into the pact.

The money piled up. So did the adulation, the letters, the invitations, the offers. Whether the subject was Shakespeare, baseball or photosynthesis, Van Doren came up with the right answers—often straining visibly, and sometimes at the end

of a tensely whispered monologue, like the one tracking down the Verdi character who sings "Sempre libera": "She sings it right at the end of a party given by . . . What's her name? Soprano. Her name is like. . . Violetta. Violetta!"

Van Doren's performance ran on *Twenty-One* for a remarkable 14 weeks, until the show's style simply demanded a new winner. But even after his "defeat" in March 1957, good things kept happening. Charlie bought a Mercedes-Benz and a townhouse in New York's Greenwich Village. He married the young woman who had been helping with his fan mail. Columbia even promoted him to assistant professor.

When, in August 1958, the whole tawdry business began to unravel, Van Doren stoutly denied knowledge of any wrongdoing. He stuck with his story for another full year until, in October 1959, he was politely invited to testify before Congress. Still protesting his innocence, but under threat of suspension by NBC, he agreed to cooperate. On the eve of his scheduled appearance, however, he vanished for a week.

Three weeks after the broken appointment, now under subpoena as well as suspension, Van Doren turned up in the packed House Caucus Room with an extraordinary hour-and-a-half-long confession, full of the soul-searching rhetoric of a Frank Capra hero (though one savvy enough to send advance copies with personal notes to the country's top TV critics and commentators). He had been "foolish" and "incredibly naive," he said. "I would give almost anything I have to reverse the course of my life in the last three years. . . . I've learned a lot about good and evil. . . . I was involved, deeply involved, in a deception."

What had finally led him to confess, he continued, was a letter from a complete

That the show's producers were playing games could be seen, in retrospect, even in the names of the contestants they chose. Take, for instance, the match between a young man named James Snodgrass and another named Henry Bloomgarden. At a time when the exurban imagery of Norman Rockwell still held sway, no Snodgrass was about to triumph over Bloomgarden. Sure enough, the appropriate weedkiller was applied, Snodgrass wilted and Bloomgarden blossomed.

Snodgrass was no happier about losing (he got \$4,000 to Bloomgarden's \$92,500) than Stempel, but he was in a better position to do something about it. From the beginning, he had been sending himself dated, registered letters containing questions and answers that had been supplied to him in advance. No

stranger, a woman who "told me the only way I could live with myself and make up for what I had done... was to admit it, clearly, openly, truly. Suddenly I knew she was right."

The reading drew tears from some and a round of compliments from most of the Congressmen. But others felt he had arrived at the truth only after exhausting the alternatives. One columnist called his confession "a tasteless exercise in guile and unctuous," as much an affront to civilized values as the deception itself. Afterwards, reporters asked Van Doren if he had contemplated suicide in his darkest moments. "Oh, never very seriously," he said, but he had thought about going to Brazil.

The next day, I played another bit part in the Van Doren saga. By then I was working for NBC as vice president for corporate affairs, and I found myself at a meeting in president Robert Kintner's office attended by all the company's top brass, including David Sarnoff, the chairman of NBC's parent company, RCA. Fearing public backlash, some of the men in the room were reluctant to tear up Van Doren's contract. I argued that keeping him on was unthinkable. The decision was finally eeked out, and it fell to me to write the announcement that Van Doren was fired. ("Those who have knowingly engaged in the fraud of quiz-show rigging must be removed. . . . With deep regret, we have concluded that no exception should be made. . . .")

NBC's action produced 700 letters, and five out of six were sympathetic to Van Doren. When Columbia University let it be known it also had accepted his "resignation," students held a protest rally. Still, one counter-protester yelled from a nearby window, "Hey, Charlie's going to be in the quad tomorrow, to give out the answers to the Comp. Lit. exam!"

Van Doren still faced a perjury indict-

ment for lying to the grand jury. He and about 20 other contestants pled guilty; all were given suspended sentences. A reporter outside the courtroom asked Van Doren if he had learned anything from his experience. "That's for you to say," he replied. "All I want to do is just go home and try to forget the whole thing."

Ask him today how the episode looks from a 30-year vantage point and he answers: "A lot of people have asked me that over the years. I mean, hundreds. I don't have anything to say about that episode. I don't have any ideas about it. It is not anything I think about very much. And I have no statement to make about it. Maybe that's a statement, I don't know. Most of the time I just refuse to answer this question."

His voice seems unchanged, his good manners undiminished. In Santa Fe on a business trip, he has taken the trouble to return the telephone call I placed to his Chicago office. He suggests that it is a gesture of amends for what he describes as "the impossible situation you and I found ourselves in" when I wrote the *Time* cover story. I try another question. Did the

evidence before the New York grand jury would prove more devastating than Snodgrass's letters.

But it was another embittered contestant, Edward Hilgemeier, who finally got the wheels of justice turning. A part-time butler and actor, Hilgemeier had signed on as a standby contestant on a daffy show called *Dotto*. Watching from the wings, he noticed a female contestant studying some notes before going on. She left the notes behind. When he looked at them, he found answers to the very questions she was being asked on the air.

Hilgemeier told a losing contestant of his discovery, and together they went to the show's producer. The producer offered the loser \$4,000, to match what his opponent had won, and offered Hilgemeier \$1,500 to keep his mouth shut. But Hilge-

*Twenty-One* episode deprive him of anything he wanted to do?

There is a long, long pause, of the kind millions of viewers would once have recognized. "I don't think my life would be any different," he says finally. "So I guess I can't say that it did. I mean, it was very. . . . It was *horrible*, but it didn't have lasting. . . . there was no lasting deprivation. . . . I don't think about it. Perhaps I've sealed it out of my mind."

Though he never resumed the promising academic career that stopped short at Columbia, Van Doren's *Who's Who in America* entry reflects a respectable career as a sometime author (*The Idea of Progress*, 1967) and editor of many reference books. At 62, Van Doren remains married to the woman who helped him answer his fan mail; they have a grown son and daughter and live near the big family farmhouse his widowed mother, 92, still occupies in northwestern Connecticut.

After his fall from grace, Van Doren came under the wing of family friend Mortimer J. Adler, the philosopher, scholar and proponent of great books as the basis of education. In 1960, Adler invited him to Chicago to work in his Institute for Philosophical Research, where Van Doren has been associate director since 1967.

Adler also brought his protégé into the councils of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, where he served as editorial vice president until 1982. Today one can pick up a copy of the latest edition and find the one-time wizard with the "encyclopedic mind" listed as a member of the *Britannica's* distinguished Board of Editors.

LESTER BERNSTEIN left *Time* and rose to the editorship of *Newsweek*, from which he retired in 1982.



House Caucus Room: Soul-searching confession.

meier wasn't buying; he went to Colgate, the show's sponsor. Within 10 days *Dotto* was canceled, and Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan was finally moved to investigate.

All through August and September of 1958, contestants from the various quiz shows trooped through Hogan's office. Of some 150 interviewed, 100 protested their innocence, both to the D.A. and to the grand jury. Writing in *Life* magazine, Richard Goodwin recalled one particularly comic performance. On the advice of his press agent, bandleader Xavier Cugat testified before the grand jury that he had received no help whatsoever in answering the questions in his category, music. After all, music was his life. The grand jury put 10 questions to him. He missed all 10. More embarrassing was the fact that they were the same 10 questions he had answered correctly on the show.

The growing scandal shocked the nation. Reforms were called for, Congressional hearings were convened, and nobody knew where it all would end. As it turned out, perjury was the only criminal charge brought against any of the involved parties (Van Doren and a score of other contestants pleaded guilty and received suspended sentences, and perjury charges against *Twenty-One*'s Albert Freedman were, the ex-producer says, eventually dropped). Still, CBS president Frank Stanton, worried about losing the public's trust and about Congressional reprisals, canceled the remaining big-purse quiz shows on CBS (*Top Dollar*, *Name That Tune*) and ordered an end to canned applause and rehearsed interviews.

(To some in the industry, Stanton went too far. He had, for instance, specifically criticized the rehearsed interviews on

## "It Took a While to Lose That Stigma"

**Reported by Dan Carlinsky**

**Harold Craig, 57, dairy farmer from Granville, N.Y., who won \$106,000 on *Twenty-One* in 1957.**

I only went through high school, but I always read a lot of history. When the quiz shows first came on, I'd be sitting home, and I'd answer a lot of the questions. All you need is a little encouragement from a stage mother. So I wrote a letter. I came on after Van Doren.

When they had the grand jury I was going down to New York for the investigation, and the question came up, should I have a lawyer? A fellow said to me, "If you're going to tell the truth, you don't need a lawyer. If you're going to lie, get a lawyer to do it for you." I didn't get a lawyer.

There haven't been too many changes in my life, really, since *Twenty-One*. I have all my teeth. I have all my hair. Last year I sold the milk cows—I kept 30 young ones—and I've been taking it easy. That doesn't mean sitting around. It means getting to some jobs that kind of build up on you.



and I just wanted to go back to my children in Louisiana.

The press was very sympathetic to me. The producers said, "Sas, you are one of the most popular contestants." As long as the contestant was popular and as long as Revlon was selling plenty of lipstick, they wanted to keep the contestant. But if they didn't want me, they could find hundreds, thousands of questions I didn't know. They could ask, "How many nails did President Grant's cook have in his left heel?" I would say "seven" and they would say, "No, you're wrong, it's eight."

When I went to the producers' office we talked about the flowers and the weather. About questions there was absolutely nothing. When they had the scandals I asked to be heard. My honor was worth more than all the money in the world. The Congressman said, "If we need you, we'll call you." They didn't call. But if they did, I'd say, "Go ahead and check the depth of my knowledge of American history. Go ahead!"

Today, a quiz program like *Jeopardy* I could not go on—they have 100 categories, and many of them I don't know a



damn thing about. But if there were a show with one category, American history, I would go on tomorrow.

**Billy Pearson, 67, former jockey, who won \$64,000 on *The \$64,000 Question* and \$110,000 on *The \$64,000 Challenge*.**

The first 64 grand I won, I lost the check that same night at an all-night party with Burl Ives and Eddie Condon and some other buddies of mine in New York. I finally got it back, but I lost it all at the tables in Las Vegas, except for what was held out for income taxes.

Later, after I won a lot more on *Challenge*, I played it a little cooler. I bought a big mansion that used to belong to Kellogg, the cereal guy. I bought a couple of Jaguars. I also went partners on a gallery in La Jolla with my friend John Huston, the director. Then I bought him out and moved to San Francisco.

During the scandals they investigated me like I was John Dillinger, but I was as straight as a string. They interviewed me a dozen times—Congress, the district attorney. *Sixty-Four*, as far as I could ever find out, was all on the square. They certainly asked me a lot of questions about art in advance, to see what I knew, but no advance question that I remember ever showed up on the show, or



**Alexander Sas-Jaworsky, 73, veterinarian from Abbeville, La., who won \$128,000 on *The \$64,000 Question* and \$8,000 on *The \$64,000 Challenge*.**

You know, for a regular guy to stand in front of 50 million Americans every week, that makes you tired. It was just too much,

## QUIZ SHOW ANSWERS:

1. Austria, Italy, Syria and Czechoslovakia.
2. Africa, Barbary Coast of Europe and the Rocks of Gibraltar, Borneo, Madagascar.
3. Polish Corridor, Danzig, Vistula.
4. Touchstone.
5. Bonhomme Richard, Capt. John Paul Jones, Serapis.
6. Rapunzel.
7. Cookie Lavagetto, Eddie Stanky, Carl Furillo, Pete Reiser, Al Gionfriddo, Eddie Miksis.

CBS's *Person to Person*, a program hosted by icon Edward R. Murrow. On sabbatical in England, Murrow, who had stood up to Joseph McCarthy, said of his boss, "Dr. Stanton has finally revealed his ignorance both of news and of the requirements of TV production."

When the fever at last subsided, Congress passed a slap-on-the-wrist amendment to the Communications Act, making it illegal to fix contests of skill or knowledge. The producers of the tainted shows went into exile, and Louis G. Cowan was ousted—

I'd have picked up on it right away. Did they tell me what to study? Oh, no, they never clued me in, not a zillionth of a millimeter.

Now, how about that guy [Stempel] who takes the money and then blows the whistle? Nice guy. He's one of nature's noblemen. He didn't give the money back and then blow the whistle. But that's human nature—what're you gonna do? Three-quarters of everybody's robbing somebody. I was a jockey for 23 years, and there wasn't a human being that at some point didn't buy me a drink and say, "Who do you like in the next race?" Everybody wants an edge.

### Ben Feit, 82, the bank officer who each week stood watch over the questions on *The \$64,000 Question*.

I was on the show the full time it was on the air, except when I was on vacation. That was three and a half years. Everything was live then, so I never saw myself on TV.

But I was recognized everywhere. To me it was never uncomfortable—it was very flattering. Once I was traveling, and the man behind the counter checking bags recognized me just from my voice.

I had only one line, the same line every week: "From this point on, all questions come from the locked vaults of Manufacturers Trust Company. Manufacturers Trust Company certifies that no one has seen these questions except for the editors, Mr. March and myself." Thirty years later and I still remember it.

You know, the guards got time and a half for appearing on the show. I got no pay, because I was an officer of the bank. I never got a penny.

### Francis Paul Salvatore, 65, gynecologist from Englewood, N.J., who won \$32,000 on *The \$64,000 Question* and \$8,000 on *The \$64,000 Challenge*.

I decided to quit at \$32,000 instead of going for the 64. I was 33 years old, with a lot of debts, starting my medical practice. I had just finished three years of residency at \$50 a month, so I figured it was smart to take the money.

They never said anything to me about how far I was going to go, but, of course, they knew just how much I knew. A whole group of writers quizzed you quite a bit before you went on. So in that sense they had a lot of control. Mostly, they asked me very simple questions, like what blanching is, which anyone interested in food and cooking would know. The question for \$32,000 was perhaps the simplest of all—identify some dishes on a menu, but they were all obvious, like knowing what beef Wellington is.

People still talk about my being on the show, which is kind of strange after 32 years. The show may have helped my practice a little, although in one way it

many say unfairly—from his position as president of the CBS Television Network. At CBS and NBC, penitence prevailed. But at ABC, which had had no jackpot quizzes on the air, a spokesman crowed: "You can't say anything bad about Westerns. That's our formula and we're sticking with it."

Well, for a while, anyway. But times change, if the battle for ratings does not. In 1986, that same ABC moved its nightly news program ahead by half an hour to make more room for . . . *Wheel of Fortune*, a quiz show for the 80's that now plays nightly to 43 million viewers. The *Wheel* may be scrupulously honest, but oh, Vanna, what a pale imitation!

JONATHAN Z. LARSEN, an editor and journalist, is writing a book about *Edwin Meese 3d*.

may also have hurt. People would say, "He was on *The \$64,000 Question*, but he's a good doctor." It took me a while to get rid of that stigma.

### Dan Enright, 71, co-producer of three prominent game shows of the 50's, *Twenty-One*, *Tic Tac Dough* and *Concentration*.

When the dust settled, I was not employable in this country, but Screen Gems was decent enough to give me a job working abroad. I worked for them 15 years, producing shows primarily in Australia and Canada. I came back in '75. By that time Jack Barry had resurrected himself, and he and I got back together. Jack died in 1984, but the company is still doing game shows, and we've also gone to features as well as made-for-TV movies.

I no longer bear the onus of being evil. Nonetheless, I think we were unfairly smeared. We were wrong in what we did. We did it when we lost sight of other values. But we weren't evil guys huddled in a corner trying to perpetrate a hoax on America. We didn't invent rigging. It was wrong—I'm not justifying it. But there are so many aspects of the story that have never been told—the human struggle. I've always wanted to tell this story on television. It would make a hell of a two-hour movie.



DAN CARLINSKY is a freelance journalist and the author of more than 20 books, including *The Great 1960s Trivia Game*.

**30 YEARS AGO: THE COLTS BEAT THE GIANTS**

# THE GREATEST GAME

Johnny Unitas never did like field goals. "This is it," he said.

"We're gonna take the ball down and end this game."



FRED ROEIN/NFL PHOTOS

**Johnny Unitas's hard, pinpoint passing brought gasps from the sidelines. "He was the consummate gambler," the late Alan (the Horse) Ameche recalled.**

**I**t was the ending that made it the best football game ever played.

The contest to determine the 1958 National Football League championship had rocked back and forth. The first quarter ended with the Giants leading 3-0 by virtue of Pat Summerall's field goal. The second quarter saw the slightly favored Colts, with superb offensive blocking and quarterback Johnny Unitas's hard, pinpoint passing, score two touchdowns to lead, 14-3. In the third quarter, a Giant rally produced one touchdown and a 14-10 score. In the fourth, the Giants scored again to pull ahead, 17-14. But with time running out, Unitas marched the Colts 73 yards down the field to the 27-yard line: field goal range.

Now it is 4:35 P.M., December 28th.

There are seven seconds left on the clock. Sixty thousand fans have risen to their feet in Yankee Stadium, their hoarse cheers filling the field with a dull roar.

Now comes a play that *Sports Illustrated* will later describe as "a moment with which we will eternally bore our grandchildren": Colt kicker Steve Myhra trots out onto the field and sends the ball through the uprights, tying the score 17-17 and throwing the stadium and many of the millions of fans watching on television into pandemonium.

They were about to witness the first "sudden death" in NFL history. The new rule provided that an overtime period be played in the event of a tie. The first team to score would win, whether by a 2-point safety, a 3-point field goal or a 6-point touchdown. The other team would get no chance to recoup.

HY PESKIN/NFL PHOTOS

**By Barney Cohen**





**Heroes three:** Kicker Steve Myhra (left), Johnny Unitas and fullback Ameche savor the victory in football's first sudden-death championship. While the game made others rich, the winning players received less than \$5,000 each.

After a short break, Unitas and Giant co-captain Kyle Rote strode out for the toss of a coin to determine possession of the ball. The Giants won. (It was said later that Unitas's call of the toss was his only mistake that day.) To no one's surprise, the Giants opted to receive.

Their first two plays stalled. On the third, Giant quarterback Charley Conerly was stopped inches short of a first down by Colt linebacker Bill Pellington and tackle Art Donovan. The Giants were forced to punt.

Thirty years later, Donovan recalls the moment from the lounge of the Valley Country Club in Towson, Md., his favorite retirement hangout: "We knew if we got John the ball he was gonna score," he says. "We just stood on the sidelines and knew it was over."

After the punt into their end zone, the Colts took possession on the 20-yard line. Fullback Alan (The Horse) Ameche, who died of heart failure Aug. 8 at age 55, remembered the first Colt huddle as "kind of grim. The pressure had really mounted. There was no gabbing, no suggesting. John took charge. He just said, 'This is it, we're gonna take the ball down and end this game.' He had that kind of supreme confidence that rubbed off on you."

On their first play, the Colts gained a quick 10 yards, but they made little headway on their next two plays. On third down, Unitas completed a little swing pass to Ameche for a 6-yard gain and another first down.

Unitas picks up the story: "We were mentally tired. But that swing pass, that's when I knew we'd be all right." As he talks, he is standing at the bar in The Golden Arm, the restaurant he once owned in suburban Baltimore. Around the place are dozens of photographs of past glories, displayed more to impress the customers than to warm Unitas's own modest memory. "I threw long to Lenny Moore, but that didn't work. So I started looking for Ray Berry with quick little slant-in passes. We were taking advantage of [Giant linebacker Harland] Svare. He didn't have much speed."

A 17-yard pass to Berry (now head coach of the New England Patriots) brought the Colts to the Giants' 43-yard line, still 10 yards shy of a good field goal gamble. In the huddle Unitas called for another slant pass to Berry. Then, at the line of scrimmage, "I saw that [Giant linebacker] Sam Huff was cheating deep, backing out of his position to help Svare cover Berry. I knew [Giant] Dick Modzelewski was going to come in hard, so I audibled," verbally changing the play to an Ameche run. And run Ameche did, all the way to the 20-yard line.

The Colts were now within comfortable field goal range. A Myhra field goal would win the game, while a fumble or intercepted pass would put the Giants back in the running. Everyone expected Myhra to come onto the field. But no, Unitas calmly

threw another pass to Berry, moving them 12 yards closer, to the Giants' 8. Now, thought every fan in the world, now surely a chip-shot field goal would end it.

"I didn't even look over at the bench," Unitas says, smiling. "I never liked field goals anyhow, and as long as we were moving...."

In the huddle Unitas barked out "16 power," a play calling for Ameche to run the ball to his right. The players lined up. Ameche remembered seeing the goal line clearly between the shoulders of the defending Giants. "I could already feel it under my feet," he said. But Unitas yelled "blue," the signal to change the play. What happened next tore anguish from the throats of Colts fans everywhere. Unitas chose to pass.

"It wasn't such a big deal," Unitas says today. "Their linebacker had taken an inside position on Jim Mutscheller. Their safety had taken an even further inside position. Lenny Moore was all alone on [Giant] Lindon Crow." The play that Unitas audibled called for Moore to run up the middle and for Mutscheller to run toward the end zone. "If Crow drops off Moore to guard Mutscheller," Unitas says, using his hands to diagram the routes, "then I hit Moore. If he stays with Moore, I hit Mutscheller."

Unitas connected with Mutscheller on the 1-yard line.

"They all gasped," said Ameche, remembering the play. "They didn't know John the way we did. He was the consummate gambler."

The final play, Ameche's 1-yard buck run to win the game and the championship, seemed almost like an anticlimax.

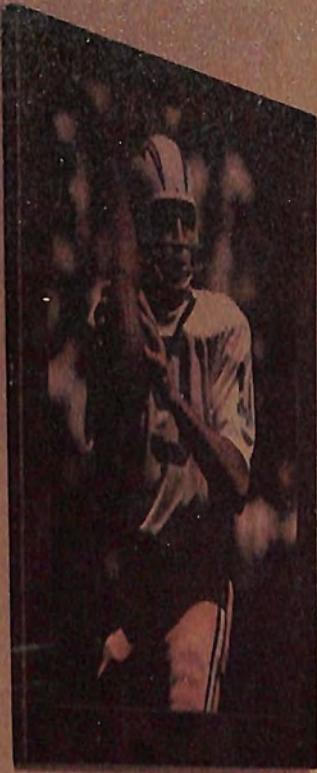
There was post-game talk that Carroll Rosenbloom, the Colts' owner and a big bettor, needed all 6 points to beat the spread. Some suspected Rosenbloom insisted that Unitas go for the touchdown. It wasn't true. Unitas simply called it the way he saw it.

For their heroic efforts, Unitas and his Colts earned something less than \$5,000 apiece. Others got very rich. "Before that game, the NFL was a cottage industry," Art Donovan reminds us. "Lots of little company teams playing in lots of different towns. TV had just come into the NFL, but mostly on a local level. This game was on a national network, and a lot of people who wouldn't ordinarily have watched the game were tuned in. What they saw was the most exciting thing in sports history. That game eventually made a lot of people millionaires."

**BARNEY COHEN** is a screenwriter and devout New York Giants fan.

**Unitas's office at National Circuits Inc., a Baltimore manufacturer of circuit boards, is bare of ornamentation except for a photograph of the company's executive vice president in a previous position.**

BILL BALLEBERG



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#### **LBJ: Takes oath on Air Force 1**

A black and white photograph of Martin Luther King Jr. speaking at a podium with microphones. He is wearing a dark suit and tie, and appears to be in the middle of a speech. The background consists of several vertical columns, possibly part of a building's architecture. On the right side of the frame, there is a large, dark, shadowed figure of a person, which appears to be a woman. The overall mood of the image is somber and dramatic.

LIP SCHULKE/BLACK STAR

**CHANGES** Martin Luther King Jr. delivers "I have a dream" speech to 200,000 in Washington . . . JFK federalizes Alabama National Guard to enforce integration, also asks Congress to abolish immigration quotas . . . After November assassination, Cape Canaveral and Idlewild Airport renamed for slain President.



**COUNTRIES** Hundreds of thousands of West Berliners cross Wall to visit friends and relatives in East Berlin during pre-Christmas thaw . . . Moscow and Washington install hotline to avoid danger of accidental war . . . Kim Philby, British newspaper correspondent and former diplomat, exposed as Soviet agent . . . U.S. and Russia sign nuclear test ban treaty.

**ENTERTAINMENT** Beverly Hillbillies TV's top program . . .  
Ann-Margret appears on Broadway in *Bye-Bye Birdie* . . .  
Tony Awards to Stephen Sondheim's *A Funny Thing  
Happened on the Way to the Forum* and Edward Albee's  
*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*



PICTORIAL PARADE



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



page 70



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

New Yorkers listen to bulletins on a car radio.

## 25 YEARS AGO: THE PRESIDENT IS ASSASSINATED

Where were you that awful day? How did you hear the news? Some prominent Americans remember.

# NOV. 22, 1963



Reported by Maureen McFadden  
and Carey Winfrey

**Tom Wicker,\* newspaper columnist, then covering  
JFK's Dallas trip for The New York Times**

The motorcade wasn't anything exceptional as motorcades go. We rode down through that main part of Dallas and it was a very good turnout, a very good crowd, and there wasn't any sign along the city streets there of any real trouble.

*It began, for most reporters, when the central fact of it was over. . . . [Another reporter] went to the front of our bus and looked ahead to where the President's car was supposed to be, perhaps 10 cars ahead of us. He hurried back to his seat.*

"The President's car just sped off," he said. "Really gunned away."

In that area that is now Dealy Plaza, people were kind of running around, scurrying around, but the one thing that caused me to think that something had really happened was that I saw a motorcycle cop ride up the embankment toward the railroad tracks, and I thought, "Well, that's pretty goddamn peculiar, something's really happened." But I didn't know what.

*The press bus in its stately pace rolled on to the Trade Mart, where the President was to speak. Fortunately, it was only a few minutes away.*

The crowd was already gathered there for the speech when we came through on the way to the press room. You could just see this rumor sweeping across the crowd.

*It was the only rumor that I had ever seen. . . .*

*With the other reporters—I suppose 35 of them—I went on through the huge hall to the upstairs press room. We were hardly there when Marianne Means, of Hearst Headline Service, hung up a phone, ran to a group of us and said, "The President's been shot. He's at Parkland Hospital."*

There was a general mad rush. I went running down an "up" escalator to get out. The group went immediately to Parkland.

*There at its emergency entrance stood the President's car, the top up, a bucket of bloody water beside it. . . .*

*As I was passing the open convertible in which Vice President and Mrs. Johnson and Senator [Ralph] Yarborough had been riding in the motorcade, a voice boomed from its radio:*



*"The President of the United States is dead. I repeat, it has just been announced that the President of the United States is dead."*

*There was no authority, no word of who had announced it. But—instinct again—I believed it instantly. It sounded true. I knew it was true. I stood still a moment and then*

*began running. Ordinarily I couldn't jump a tennis net if I'd just beaten [Pancho] Gonzales. That day, carrying a briefcase and a typewriter, I jumped a chain fence looping around the drive, not even breaking stride. . . .*



\*TOM WICKER's recollections for MEMORIES have been supplemented with excerpts of an account he wrote shortly after the events for the house organ of The New York Times. The excerpts are in italics.

[After the official announcement of the President's death], I wandered down the [hospital] hall, found a doctor's office, walked in and told him I had to use his phone. He got up without a word and left. I battled the hospital switchboard for five minutes and finally got a line to New York. . . . I proposed to write one long story, as quickly as I could, throwing in everything I could learn. . . . [Then] I wandered down a corridor and ran into [some other reporters, who had] seen a hearse pulling up at the emergency entrance, and we figured they were about to move the body.

We made our way to the hearse. . . . and the driver said his instructions were to take the body to the airport. . . . Within minutes they brought the body out in a bronze coffin.

A number of White House staff people—stunned, silent, stumbling along as if dazed—walked with it. Mrs. Kennedy walked by the coffin, her hand on it, her head down, her hat gone, her dress and stockings spattered.

At the old Love Field terminal I found a place to write. I got a phone open and dictated my story. When I got to the part where I'd seen Mrs. Kennedy come out with her hand on the coffin and blood all over her dress I just kind of busted up and started blubbering. Then the guy on the other end of the line, whoever it was, said, "Now take it easy, take it easy." And 30 seconds later I started back dictating.

**M. T. Jenkins, M.D., then chairman of the anesthesiology department, Parkland Hospital, Dallas, now McDermott Professor Emeritus, University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center at Dallas**



I followed the President's trolley into the emergency operating room. There were two surgery residents there already, Dr. James Carrico and Dr. Richard Dulany. We inserted a tracheal tube to ventilate the President. It was obvious then that he had a hole in his trachea below the larynx from one of the bullets. We were used to seeing patients brought into the emergency room in a similar condition as the President: cyanotic [the skin turning blue], with widely dilated pupils and a dying heartbeat. Many are resuscitated and are capable of walking out of the hospital in a few

days. The President, of course, also had a head injury from which he could not be expected to recover. But at the time only two people knew that, Dr. Carrico and myself.

The President had a great shock of thick hair, and when he was lying on the trolley and I was pressed against him in the usual position an anesthesiologist takes in respiring for his patient, the wound was not visible. I was aware, though, that there was a piece blown out of his skull the size of my palm.

As the others gathered in the room and took the places where they were needed, I said nothing about the head wound. To this day I'm not exactly sure why. It's just that I had seen so many others recover, I felt we had to try.

Each time the President's heart was massaged, a squirt of blood from his head wound would hit my abdomen. Though some of the color returned to his skin, we were losing air through the hole in his trachea. After what seemed an eternity, I saw a priest enter the room. I asked one of the other doctors to continue

respirating him, and I asked the priest when, in the Catholic religion, someone was considered dead. From his answer I knew it was time to stop. It seemed a lifetime that we worked on him, though the clock on the emergency room wall said it had been 30 minutes.

**Pierre Salinger, television commentator, then President Kennedy's press secretary**

I left Washington on Nov. 19, 1963 to go with six members of the Cabinet to Tokyo, where there was to be an economic meeting with the Japanese. The President was preparing to visit Japan in February 1964, and he wanted me to help prepare for his official visit. The day I left I received a letter from a woman



**Secretary of State Dean Rusk (center) addresses reporters at Andrews Air Force Base following his group's aborted Japanese trip. With him are (left to right) Pierre Salinger, White House press secretary; Orville Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture; C. Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury; Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior; Luther Hodges, Secretary of Commerce; Dr. Walter Heller, chairman, Council of Economic Advisers; W. Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor.**

in Dallas asking me to please counsel the President not to come. She said, "I fear there's danger here." I mentioned this letter to the President. He smiled briefly and said, "Well, you know, the life of the President is always in danger. If anybody wants to kill the President all they have to do is be prepared to give up their own life." That was the end of the discussion. I didn't think any more about it. I left and flew to Honolulu.

On the morning of Nov. 22 we took off from Honolulu for Tokyo. When we'd been in the air about three hours, Robert Manning, then the spokesman for the State Department, came back and asked me to come up to the front cabin. Up front, the six Cabinet members were seated around a table looking very grim. Secretary Rusk said, "President Kennedy has been shot." He asked me to set up communications with the White House. When I reached there a minute or two later there was total confusion. They confirmed the shooting, but I couldn't get any information about what his state was.

Meanwhile we had made the plane turn around and head back to Honolulu, hoping to refuel there and then head on to Dallas. Suddenly I heard a voice on the other end of the line saying, "Wayside, stand by!" Wayside was my code name. For about three or four minutes, every 30 seconds I heard this voice saying, "Wayside, stand by." Then I heard, "Wayside, Lancer is dead." Lancer was the President.

I had to go back and tell the members of the Cabinet. People broke down in tears. It was such a profound shock it's hard to

describe. We immediately made the decision to go to Washington, not Dallas. And then something happened that I sometimes regret talking about because it sounds so crazy, but you have to put it in the context of how everybody felt. A poker game started. People wanted to get their minds off the situation. It was the wildest poker game I ever played in. Money was being thrown around like nothing. The game occupied a number of people on the plane for three or four hours until we reached Washington.

We landed around 1 o'clock in the morning, and I drove immediately to the White House. I arrived just as John Kennedy's body was being brought back to the White House, and it was taken into the East Room where Mrs. Kennedy had arranged for a short religious ceremony for the staff. When it ended Mrs. Kennedy came up to me, put her arm around me and said, "I know what you've been through today, how far you've traveled. Why don't you sleep here tonight?" I had never slept in the White House before. Two other members of the staff—Ken O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien—were also invited. We sat and talked until five in the morning. Finally we went to bed, and I had been sleeping for about two hours when the phone next to my bed rang. I picked it up and heard the operator say, "Mr. Salinger, the President wants to speak to you." All of a sudden there leaped through my mind all kinds of thoughts that I had just had the worst nightmare of my life. Then I heard a voice say, "Pierre, this is Lyndon."

#### **Julia Child, cookbook author and television chef**

A friend called up and said, "Turn on the television, Kennedy's been shot." We didn't turn it off from that time on. It was horrifying to believe, but there he was, being driven to Parkland Hospital. We lived through the whole thing, the killing of Oswald by Ruby, the funeral, everything. Once in a while we'd go out of the house to get something or another and we'd see people who weren't listening to the radio or watching TV, and they looked so different. We were so shocked, so shattered. You know, I still haven't recovered.



PHOTOFEST

#### **John Forsythe, actor**



I was alone in the car, driving down a street in Beverly Hills. I had the radio on, and this flash came over. The news was so stunning, so shocking in its intensity that I became completely disoriented. I pulled over to the side of the street and parked there for five or ten minutes and thought my thoughts. I couldn't think about going on to my agent's to talk about something so trivial as a television series. It would have been inconceivable. So I turned around and went back home.

If you knew the person—not that I knew him well—but if you

had experienced the touch of him, the vitality of life that exuded from him, it made it so much more personal. His death was a crushing moment in my life.

#### **William F. Buckley Jr., author and editor of National Review**



STEVE SCHAPIRA/BLACK STAR

On Nov. 22, 1963, I was driving from the hospital where my wife had just undergone minor surgery to my house in Connecticut. I turned on the radio in the car and heard the news. I stopped and went into a department store and called my sister, Priscilla, to find out what kind of publication situation we had at *National Review*. As fortune had it, we were featuring a story that was very anti-Kennedy, the backdrop of which was bullet holes. It was a parody of Goldwater versus Kennedy—each

one of them drawn as Western types with revolvers and big hats.

So there we were with 100,000 copies of the magazine that had literally just been produced. And the question was whether to send them out or not. I decided to go ahead. One worries first about one's professional concerns.

But I was shaken. I was very shaken. I was very shaken for a number of reasons: The idea of regicide is something that Burke taught me to loathe, fear and hate when I was 20 years old. Then there was the entirely human aspect of it, on which one doesn't need to dilate. Besides, for five or six hours it was quite generally supposed that he had been shot by a right-wing extremist. I had a call from the liberal president of the syndicate for which I wrote saying, "Get out of town. Go to some hotel somewhere and check in under an assumed name." He said this quite seriously because his feeling was that by midnight the vigilantes would go out to commit mayhem on anybody who was, however tangentially, associated with the kind of people who took out the terribly anti-Kennedy ad that appeared in the *Dallas Morning News* the morning of the assassination.

Until Oswald was caught and bulletins came out showing that his attachments were left rather than right, there was a certain amount of fear in the air that Friday afternoon.

#### **John Updike, novelist**

I was having crowns made for my back teeth. They were playing "dental" music on the radio to soothe the anxious patient. Then they broke in to say that shots had been heard in the vicinity of the cavalcade in Dallas. The music resumed with some jolly tune. About 10 minutes later they broke in to say the President had been hit.

I was saying brief things to the dentist like, "Uh oh, I wonder what that means." And,



IVAN MASSARI/BLACK STAR

"Those crazy Texans." I remember there being a lot of talk about Texas, particularly Dallas, there being a considerable amount of right-wing resistance to Kennedy's policies there. It was strange. For most of the time I was sitting with my mouth full of dental equipment. I put the experience into a novel called *Couples*, only it's the heroine, Foxy, in the dentist chair.

The assassination was on a Friday, and I remember, with some embarrassment now, that the young marrieds, of which I was one, commenced to have their regular weekend touch football game while the wives watched the happenings on television.

**Alistair Cooke, author and broadcaster,  
then chief American correspondent for Britain's  
Manchester Guardian**



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Came November, and I put my application in for the Dallas trip, said I'd be coming. Then I spotted the fact that the President wasn't going to make his big speech until Friday at lunch time at the Trade Mart, which would be 7 P.M. English time, too late for Saturday's paper. Since we didn't have a Sunday paper, I said, "Take my name off the list." It would just have been a waste of the paper's money.

I received a letter from the President's military aide saying, "You're making a great mistake." It's a letter that makes you shudder to read now, but he said, "You realize this is the first time Jackie's ever been on a political trip, and there's this tremendous feud going on in Texas and he's going there as a pacifier. We're going to go look at missiles, we'll stay a night in Fort Worth, we'll hop two minutes to Dallas. All this and Jackie too. We'll have a ball. You're making a mistake."

Well, I had to say no.

So I sat right here in this room [in his Manhattan apartment] and looked around, and there was nothing I could see to write about except a fellow named John Henry Faulk, who had just received the largest settlement ever in a slander case. So I wrote this piece, 400 words or so, and I was just finishing it off when the telephone rang. It was a great friend of mine from the United Nations. All he said was, "The President's been shot in Dallas. Channel 2," and he hung up.

I turned on Channel 2, and there was Cronkite. And I suddenly realized that John Henry Faulk was out the window and that in exactly seven minutes I was due to call Manchester with my story for the day.

My daughter Susan, who was then 14, was home from school for Thanksgiving, and I told her to go into another room and turn on NBC and just keep rushing back in here and give me names. At about 1 o'clock the phone rang. It was the editor from London. "Well," I said, "you'll just have to put the deadline so far back. . . ." He said, "We'll go as late as midnight, our time." So I had five hours, during which I wrote virtually the entire paper. I finished at 7:15 that night, something like seven different pieces. If I'd gone to Dallas, I would have had 300 words in the last edition, and that would have been all. As for the piece on John Henry Faulk, it never did appear in the paper.

**Joseph Heller, author**

I was in New York City on the 22d. I had children in public school right down the block and I was going to pick one of them up after classes. I went to have lunch at Gitlitz's Deli. When I walked in, the waitress was saying they'd shot some people in Texas, that the governor had been shot and Kennedy had been shot at in Dallas. Though they'd taken him to the hospital, I didn't get the sense anything serious had happened.

When I got to the school, at two or three, all the parents waiting for their kids were talking about it. Somebody had a transistor and said that a priest had come out and said it looked very serious. That was the first indication I had there was a possibility Kennedy might die. When I heard he was dead, I think I was less profoundly affected by it than others were and less fearful of its signifying anything very large in terms of national change or political development.

The thing that moved me most was a piece by Jimmy Breslin in the *Herald Tribune*. Breslin had been at the hospital, and the piece had to do with his talking to nurses and doctors. For me, reading about it was more moving than the event itself.



INGE MORATH/MAGNUM

**Maureen Stapleton, actress**

I was working on a TV show in New York's Bowery called *East Side/West Side*. The Bowery is one of the bowels of the earth. It was a fitting place to be that day. I still mourn.

**Bill Bradley, U.S. Senator from New Jersey,  
then a Princeton undergraduate**

The student running past my study carrel deep in the bowels of Princeton's library was shouting, "The President's been shot, the President's been shot." The President? My first thought was Bob Goheen, Princeton's president. But by the time I reached the student center I knew it was President Kennedy. The dining room was packed wall-to-wall with professors, students, kitchen workers and secretaries. Everyone was listening to the public address system as the radio announcers described the scene at the Dallas hospital and the tragic events earlier in the day. University hierarchy disappeared. We were all just citizens—bewildered, shocked and fearing the worst. No one spoke. When the announcer said that President Kennedy had just died, people looked down, glanced at one another with tears in their eyes. The national anthem followed. At first just a few stood. Then others. Soon the whole room was standing. As we reached out to each other in that sad silence, our concern was not just for our small Princeton community but for a larger community—the nation.



COURTESY OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

### **Art Buchwald, syndicated newspaper columnist**

It was somewhere around noon. I was in Washington, in a cab coming in from the airport. There were dozens of people running out of the Press Building, and I couldn't figure what that was all about. Finally I got out of the cab and stopped somebody. They said, "Kennedy's been shot." Then I went to Ben Bradlee's office. Ben was then Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*, and he was very close to Kennedy. We just sat there, the two of us. When the announcement of his death came Ben and I looked at each other. We didn't say anything. I think I cried. I know Ben did.

After that, all of us in the press had to work. I wrote an article; it wasn't very good. Really, I think it was garbage. It was just something I had to get out of my system. I never looked at it after that.

The death of a President becomes a very personal thing. It was like losing a member of the family. Kennedy just didn't look like he'd ever die. It made us realize everybody does.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

### **Mary Travers, singer, member of Peter, Paul and Mary Trio**

Paul and I were in a car driving from Fort Worth to Dallas with the radio on [when we heard the news]. We got there, checked into the hotel, picked up the phone, called the [concert] promoter and said, "We're not performing." Then we called the airport and took the first plane out. It didn't matter where it was going, we just wanted to get out of Dallas.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### **Eugene McCarthy, former U.S. Senator from Minnesota**

I was having lunch at a restaurant adjacent to the Senate Office Building when I got a telephone call saying the President had been shot and that they wanted all of the senators to come to the Senate floor.

I remember the day particularly. It was one of those fall days in Washington, a wet day. The sycamore trees had dropped their leaves. The leaf is shaped like a hand inside a mitten. It was as if these hands were lying in the street. I stopped off at a church on the way, then went on to the Senate. Not much more than rumors were going on there, so I went back to my office.

I felt very angry about Dallas. Had I been consulted, I think I would have told the President not to go.



### **Lee Remick, actress**

I was working on a film called *Baby, the Rain Must Fall* in Texas on that terrible day. The awful irony is we were filming a funeral sequence at the moment the news was announced. Everyone stopped working and huddled around their radios waiting for the outcome.

### **F. Lee Bailey, attorney**

In November of '63 I had an associate in my office named Robert A. Barton, who is now a Superior Court judge in Massachusetts. He had a little television set on his desk, and I remember walking by his office and hearing him say, "Oh, my God!" The news had just come over that the President had been shot. Then bulletins started trickling in. We were watching Frank McGee, who was there on the television screen with tears in his eyes.

My name had been hitting the news fairly regularly, and I was concerned about what I would do if Oswald said, "They're going to try me for killing the President. If I can have any counsel I want, I want Mr. Bailey." The country would never have understood that as a high mission. It probably would have ruined my career or gotten me shot, though I'm not sure I could have turned it down.



### **Edward Koch, Mayor of New York, then practicing law**

I was sitting in my office on Wall Street when a lawyer came in and told us the President had been shot. I could not believe it and immediately turned on the radio. I remember bursting into tears when the announcer confirmed the terrible news.

### **Barbara Jordan, professor at the University of Texas at Austin and former Congresswoman from Texas**



TEXAS SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

I was sitting in my law office in Houston listening to music. I had tickets to a dinner in Austin the following night, where the President was to be feted, and I was very much looking forward to getting a glimpse of him. When I heard the news that he had died I left my office and went home. When I walked in, a film clip of the President was showing on the television. There he was, alive and well, and I said, "He's back." I can feel it as if it were today. I certainly haven't recovered from it.

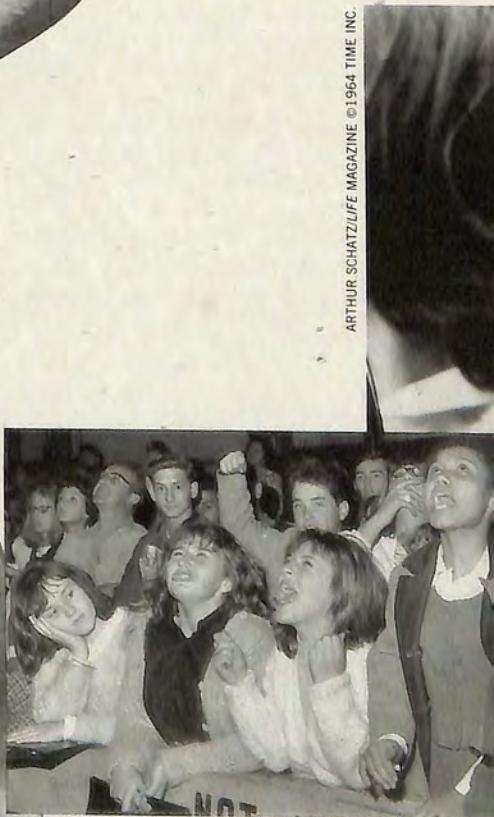
**25 YEARS AGO: THE BEATLES CONQUER THE WORLD**

We had never seen or heard anything like them:  
Four boys from Liverpool, sexy, cute and  
cheeky, with long hair and a magical sound.

**yeah,  
yeah,**



ARTHUR SCHATZ/LIFE MAGAZINE ©1964 TIME INC.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

# yeah!

By Chet Flippo

**a**lthough Beatlemania had been brewing for months, London's fractious newspapermen all but ignored the gathering storm. It was not till a representative of the Queen herself invited the Fab Four to present their musical credentials at a Royal Command performance that Fleet Street at last took notice. The next day, Oct. 14, 1963, scribes of every persuasion heralded the group as a force of nature and, inevitably, an overnight sensation.

Two weeks later, as London's bobbies fought to hold thousands of screaming fans behind barricades on Coventry Street, Brian Epstein was in a sweat. Inside the Prince of Wales Theater, the former record store executive who had become the Beatles' manager was terrified that John Lennon would make good on his threat to twit the Royals that night. Epstein shuddered at the thought of what the outspoken Lennon might say.

Sure enough, just before the Beatles were to sing "Twist and Shout," Lennon took the mike. Epstein closed his eyes and waited. "For this number," Lennon began, "we'd like to ask your help. Will the people in the cheaper seats clap your hands?

All the rest of you, if you'll just rattle your jewelry."

The audience roared its approval, and a wave of relief passed over Epstein. The Beatles' fame was sealed.

The birth of the Beatles can be traced to Liverpool, where John Lennon's skiffle group, the Quarry Men, was formed in 1957. Paul McCartney joined later that year and brought in his schoolmate, George Harrison. Other Quarry Men fell by the way, and the group became solidified as the Silver Beetles, in tribute to Buddy Holly's Crickets, with a lineup of John, Paul, George and John's art-school pal, Stu Sutcliffe. At first they had no regular drummer; drum kits were rather costly, and good drummers were scarce. When they got an engagement at the Indra, a Hamburg nightclub, in 1960, they signed up Pete Best, in part because he owned a deluxe set.

In Hamburg's notorious red-light Reeper-



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

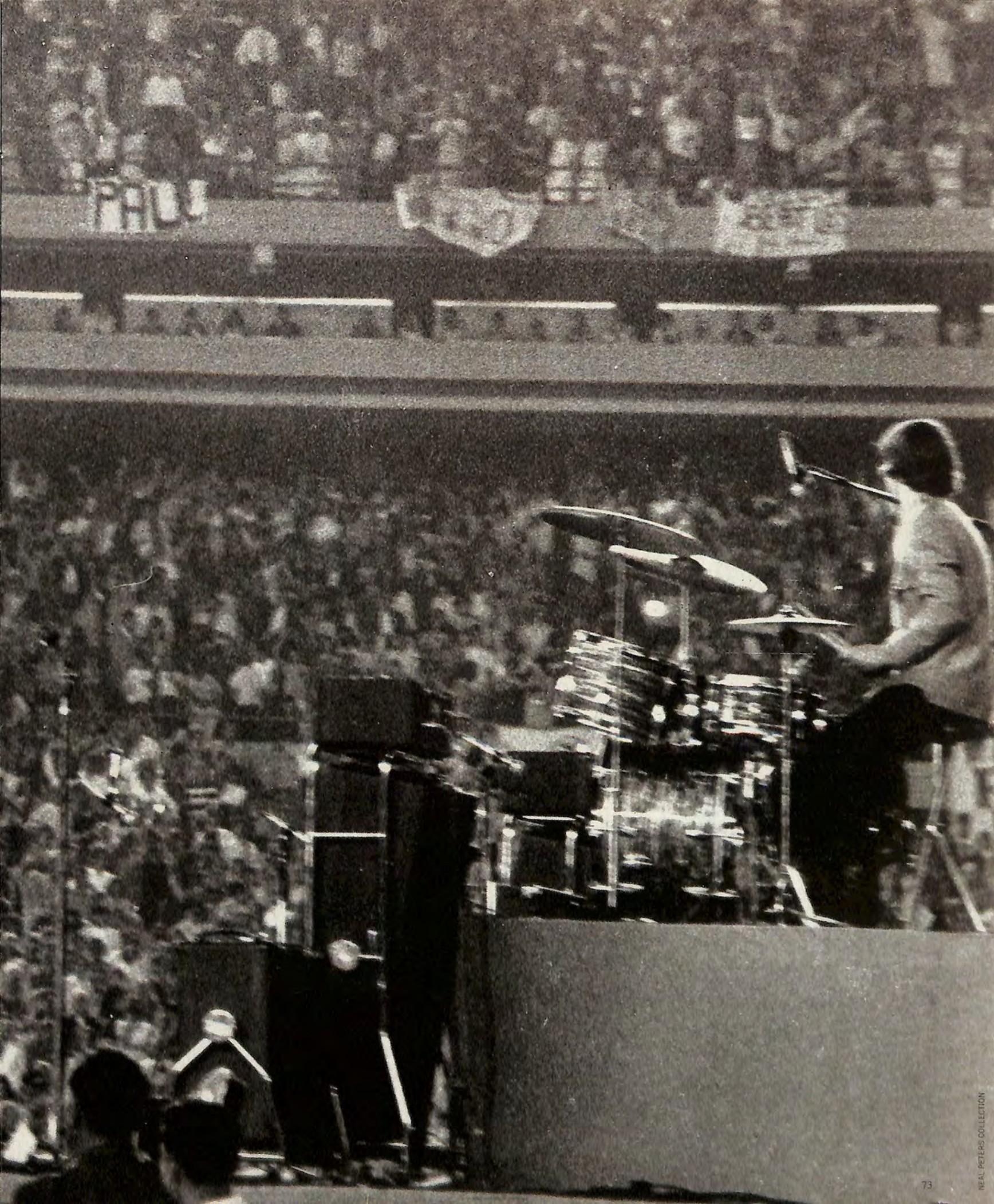


**The Beatles' innate sexuality could not be suppressed. John Lennon's aggressive cheekiness combined with Paul McCartney's coy charm to create a fanatical following, particularly among teen-age girls.**



**Seventy-three million Americans—a record at the time—tuned in Feb. 9, 1964 to watch the Beatles' first appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. The group's Aug. 15, 1965 performance at Shea Stadium, home of the New York Mets baseball team, drew more than 55,000 screaming fans. But by this time the ceaseless touring had begun to take its toll. The group would stop performing in public a year later.**





bahn, the band, by then calling themselves the Beatles, quickly earned a reputation as a rough-and-ready, straight-ahead group that gave no quarter and took no prisoners. In black leather outfits and greasy ducktail hairdos, they drank, smoked and fought with each other on stage. They cursed and abused the audience and openly courted their growing number of female admirers. Nor were they strangers to the Herbertstrasse, Hamburg's street of brothels.

John said later that nothing they recorded later matched the music of their Hamburg years. When the group returned to Liverpool, their stage performance had been honed by hundreds of hours of playing for rough and drunken Hamburg crowds; it totally eclipsed the local talent.

Having forced Sutcliffe out of the group, Paul, with John and George's consent, next decided to get rid of Pete Best, whose sultry sex appeal made him the most popular Beatle. Best was let go in August 1962, with no replacement in sight. Epstein first offered the job to Johnny Hutchinson of the Big Three, who turned it down. Finally, Epstein and John thought of Richard Starkey, better known as Ringo Starr, whom the Beatles had met in Hamburg when Ringo was drumming for Rory Storme. The Beatles lineup that would go on to fame was finally in place.

Epstein, a secret homosexual who had come to rock-and-roll infatuated with Lennon, now plotted their career like an army general, eventually signing them with EMI Records. Painstakingly, he crafted a new image. At first John objected to adopting a squeaky-clean look, but he gave in when Paul did. They washed

**Lennon formed the Quarry Men (top) in 1957. McCartney and George Harrison joined later that year. The Silver Beetles of 1960 (middle) featured Lennon's chum Stu Sutcliffe on drums. By the time they played Liverpool's Cavern Club in 1961 (bottom), Pete Best had replaced Sutcliffe. Ringo Starr joined in 1962.**



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



COURTESY OF TOM HANLEY



the grease out of their hair in favor of a dry look known as the "fringe." Epstein also reformed their stage act: no more drinking, smoking, eating, belching, breaking wind or fighting on stage. He even took away their funky leather outfits. On March 24, 1962, at the Heswall Jazz Club at the Barnston Women's Institute, the Beatles appeared wearing suits and ties. They became forever cute.

The first Beatles record, a 45-rpm single called "Love Me Do," was released by EMI in London on Oct. 5, 1962. It did not sell terribly well. But the second, "Please Please Me," shot to number one soon after its January 1963 release. The Beatles' first album, *Please Please Me*, also became a number-one hit in England after its release in March 1963.

For the next two years, Epstein worked the Beatles mercilessly and built a fanatical following. John and Paul's songwriting abilities were peaking. The blend of original material with a solid repertoire of Little Richard, Elvis and Buddy Holly made their stage show unique. It was quite unlike anything that young rock fans—brought up on singers like Cliff Richard and Tommy Steele, whose folky sound had its origins in English music halls—had ever seen.

And though Epstein had tried his best to sanitize the Beatles, their innate sexuality could not be suppressed. John's aggressive cheekiness combined magically with Paul's coy charm. The chemistry brought out the sexual fantasies of teen-age girls, the envy of teen-age boys and the approval of their parents.

But apart from isolated pockets of enthusiasm, there had been very little interest in the United States. British music acts—outside of one-shot novelties—had never successfully crossed to America, and U.S. companies saw no profit in Liverpool groups that seemed to be recycling American rock-and-roll.

The Beatles' first American records, released in 1963 on the tiny, independent labels of Vee-Jay and Swan, made almost no impact. "Please Please Me" came out in February, followed by "From Me to You" in May, the album *Introducing the Beatles* in July, and "She Loves You" in September. Even as late as November, *Time* magazine regarded the Beatles as a kind of sideshow. "They look like shaggy Peter Pans," *Time* wrote, "with their mushroom haircuts and high white shirt collars. . . . The precise nature of their charm remains mysterious." *Newsweek* called their music "one of the most persistent noises heard over England since the air-raid sirens were dismantled."

But despite the newsmagazines' disdain, the infectious Beatles sound was working its magic in North America as well. As the group's records climbed the charts in late 1963, Epstein was able to book the Beatles into New York's Carnegie Hall and the Washington (D.C.) Coliseum. And after rejecting the Beatles' first three recordings, Capitol finally came on board in a big way. Capitol's merchandising director, Paul Russell, told his sales force they would soon be getting shipments of Beatles wigs. "As soon as they arrive, and until further notice," he ordered, "you and each of your sales and promotion staff are to wear the wig during the business day!" Thus the industry was treated to the spectacle of platoons of middle-aged men looking like hairy mushrooms.

By the time the Beatles' Pan Am flight 101 taxied into view of the thousands of screaming fans at New York's Kennedy Airport on Feb. 7, 1964, the invaders had recaptured the Colonies. "I Want to Hold Your Hand" was number one in the U.S. in the first week of January. It reportedly sold 10,000 copies an hour in New York City alone, and the frenzy had just begun.

For the Fabs, as all four would say later, this was also the beginning of their problems. They would spend the next three years in ceaseless touring, appearing before increasingly fanatical crowds. No one could survive forever in such a golden



**Jan. 20, 1988: The Beatles**

**are inducted into rock music's Hall of Fame at ceremonies in New York.**  
**Left to right: George; Ringo; Yoko, Sean and Julian Lennon.**

bubble, and the group quit performing after their Aug. 29, 1966 show at Candlestick Park in San Francisco. A year later, Brian Epstein died of a drug overdose. Even though the group continued to make splendid records, John and Paul came to an ultimate falling out over careers, wives, musical direction and just who—John's friend, Allen Klein, or Paul's brother-in-law, John Eastman—would take over Epstein's managerial role. As a result, in 1970 the Beatles disbanded.

In the years since that fateful dissolution, George, overshadowed by the talents of John and Paul, built a solid, if not spectacular, recording career that included a hit album, *Cloud Nine*, earlier this year. Through his Handmade Films company he has also produced movies, such as *Time Bandits*, *Shanghai Express* and *Withnail and I*.

Ringo Starr, the last to join the group, was the least equipped to maintain a solo career. He did not write songs, and he sang in a small and quirky—if charming—voice. He turned to acting in an uneven succession of movies, from *Candy* to *Caveman* to McCartney's *Give My Regards to Broad Street*. In January he

will begin appearing on *Shining Time Station*, a public television series for children.

Paul, embittered, left the Beatles feeling betrayed by John and the others. He even considered giving up music altogether. After retiring to Scotland for a time, he decided to start over and, following a couple of solo albums, in 1971 formed a new group, Wings. It consisted of himself, his wife, Linda, and a succession of sidemen. Despite its considerable success, Paul broke up the group in 1981, after a marijuana bust in Tokyo that sent him briefly to jail. Since then, he has released a series of erratic albums and the disastrous movie *Give My Regards to Broad Street*.

If Paul needed and sought a group identity, John welcomed his freedom without one. It was he who had first told the others, in 1969, that he was leaving. (They kept it secret for business reasons until Paul, in early 1970, announced it was he who was breaking the group up.) John and his wife, Yoko, threw themselves into radical politics and the anti-Vietnam War peace movement. In his personal life there was primal-scream therapy, a protracted fight against deportation from the U.S., an 18-month separation from his wife and five years of almost total seclusion. John had just put his personal and professional life in order when he was murdered in 1980.

Since his death, Paul and George and Ringo, with Yoko and Julian Lennon (John's son from his first marriage) sitting in for John, have grown closer. From time to time there is talk of a performance, though there can never be, of course, a real Beatles reunion. Perhaps it's just as well the four never got together again in the decade before John's death. Now they will always be frozen in time with their cheeky irrepressibility, their youthful zest and their golden music.

## Bible Belt Beatlemania

**I**n the piney woods of East Texas, where I went to college in the early 60's, if a man's hair was longer than half a toothpick it was proof positive of Communism or Something Worse. This was serious, tobacco-chompin', Bible Belt country, where George Jones and his nasal laments of cheatin', slippin' around and gettin' drunk epitomized the musical ideal. A more eclectic taste bought you trouble in the county-line bars.

I remember one time stopping off at the Paper Moon, a beer joint on the honky-tonk strip outside Trinity (pop. 2,008) for a quick cold one, carrying the Beach Boys album *All Summer Long* under my arm. A couple of the regulars (looking like extras in the movie *Deliverance*) offered pretty damn quick to whip my sissy behind for espousing (not their word) such faggoty, un-American, so-called music.

"Wait'll you see the Beatles," I muttered as I spun gravel on my way out of the Moon's parking lot. Sanctuary lay in Huntsville, where I studied journalism at Sam Houston State, local hero Dan Rather's alma mater. My college friends and I spurned the shit-kickers and goat-

ropers, as we called country singers, and idolized the Beach Boys. We did, that is, until one of our number returned from England early in 1963 with a curious new album called *Please Please Me* by a group we'd never heard of. The album kicked off with an ebullient "I Saw Her Standing There," ran through "Love Me Do" and "Do You Want to Know a Secret" and shut down emphatically with a Saturday-night-keg-party, knee-walking version of John Lennon's screaming "Twist and Shout."

You would not have thought that the Beatles would become a sensation in rural East Texas, with the buoyant strains of "I Saw Her Standing There" pouring out of dorm windows almost a year before being played on New York City radio stations. But they did.

We all wanted to *be* the Beatles. They were genuine and spontaneous, hip and cynical, jubilant and happy, all at the same time. They looked right and dressed right. And their mop hair was the perfect anti-authoritarian gesture for the time.

Once we found where to order them, we had Beatle-style flamenco boots flown in

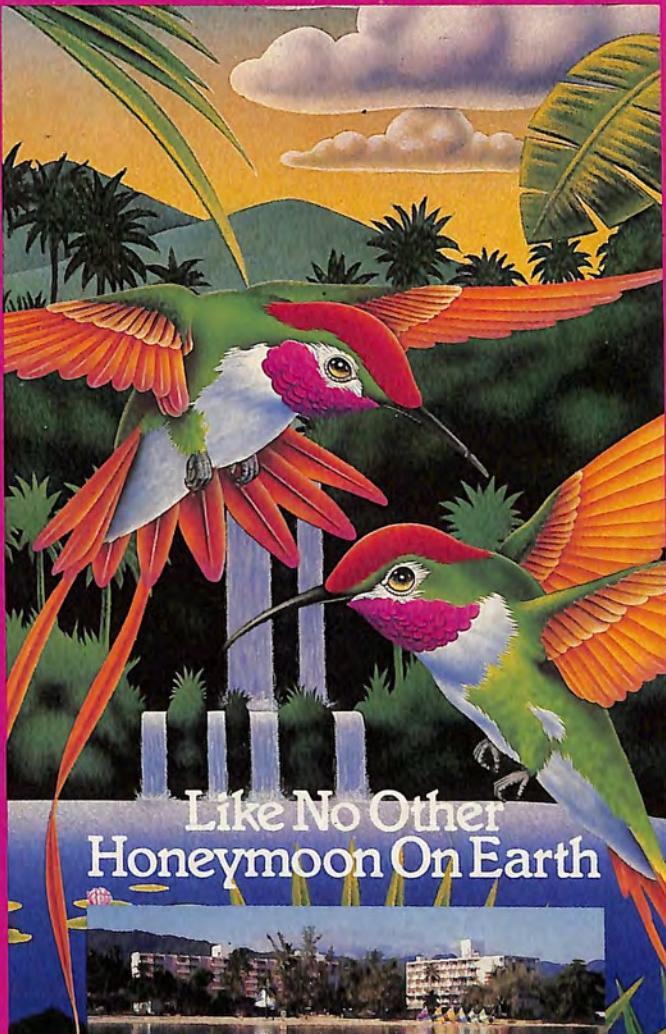


**Trinity, Tex., 1963: Wanting to be the Beatles. "I'm the idiot with the stupid grin at upper left," says the author.**

to Walker County's airport. Before you could say "Commie-faggot-lowlife," there were dozens of college boys wearing pegged pants and growing their hair down over their collars in Huntsville, Tex. And making their fingers sore trying to play the guitar.

Some of us never quite got over it. —C.F.

CHET FLIPPO's latest book is *Yesterday: A Biography of Paul McCartney*.



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20

years  
ago

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



LBJ: "I will not seek . . ."

DAVID HURN/MAGNUM



**SHOW BIZ** Jane Fonda in *Barbarella* . . . Best-actress Oscar shared by Katharine Hepburn and Barbra Streisand . . . Placido Domingo debuts at Metropolitan Opera in *Adriana Lecouvreur* . . . Grammies to Simon and Garfunkel's "Mrs. Robinson" and Glen Campbell's "By the Time I Get to Phoenix."

**POLITICS** TV newscaster Mike Wallace is hustled off floor at troubled Democratic Convention in Chicago . . . Students seize campus building at Berkeley . . . Yale says it will go co-ed . . . Shirley Chisholm is first black woman elected to Congress . . . Nixon wins Presidency, beating Hubert Humphrey.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM

**MILESTONES AND GRAVESTONES** Julie Nixon marries David Eisenhower . . . Dwight D. Eisenhower has seventh heart attack . . . Norman Thomas, six-time Socialist Party candidate for Presidency, author John Steinbeck and actress Tallulah Bankhead die.



DAN MCCOY/BLACK STAR



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**WINNERS** Arthur Ashe is first black male to win major tennis title, U.S. Open . . . Bob Gibson sets World Series record with 17 strikeouts in one game . . . At Mexico City Olympics, America wins 45 gold medals . . . Bob Beamon sets record in long jump, 29 feet, 2.5 inches—almost 2 feet beyond previous mark.



BILL RAY/LIFE MAGAZINE © 1969 TIME INC.

**EVENTS** Soviet tanks invade Prague after Czechs refuse to knuckle under . . . Bikini natives allowed to go home 22 years after U.S. evacuated atoll for nuclear tests . . . France explodes its first H-bomb . . . French Communists declare independence from Soviet Party . . . Spain voids 1492 law expelling Jews.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**SPACE** James A. Lovell, William Anders, Frank Borman orbit moon 10 times in Apollo 8 . . . Data from Mariner 6 show Mars atmosphere very different from Earth's.



C. O'FARRELL/BLACK STAR

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GAMMA-LIAISON

## 20 YEARS AGO: NORTH KOREA RELEASES AMERICAN HOSTAGES

*It was a routine naval mission well outside the 12-mile limit. Then, suddenly, two North Korean subchasers opened fire.*

# Remember

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO



The "spy ship" U.S.S. Pueblo

**I**t was just after 11:30 A.M. on Dec. 23, 1968, when Comdr. Lloyd M. (Pete) Bucher limped across the 250-foot bridge spanning the 38th parallel, the line of truce at Panmunjom, North Korea. Eighty-one crewmen followed, each angrily throwing off the blue North Korean parka and cap he had worn for almost a year. "It was like climbing out of hell into heaven," said Petty Officer Charles B. Law.

The nightmare had begun 11 months before, on Jan. 23, 1968, when two Soviet-built North Korean subchasers came out of Wonsan Harbor to attack the U.S.S. Pueblo, a de-mothballed rustbucket of a "spy ship" that was probing coastal defenses from beyond North Korea's 12-mile territorial limit. The North Koreans roared

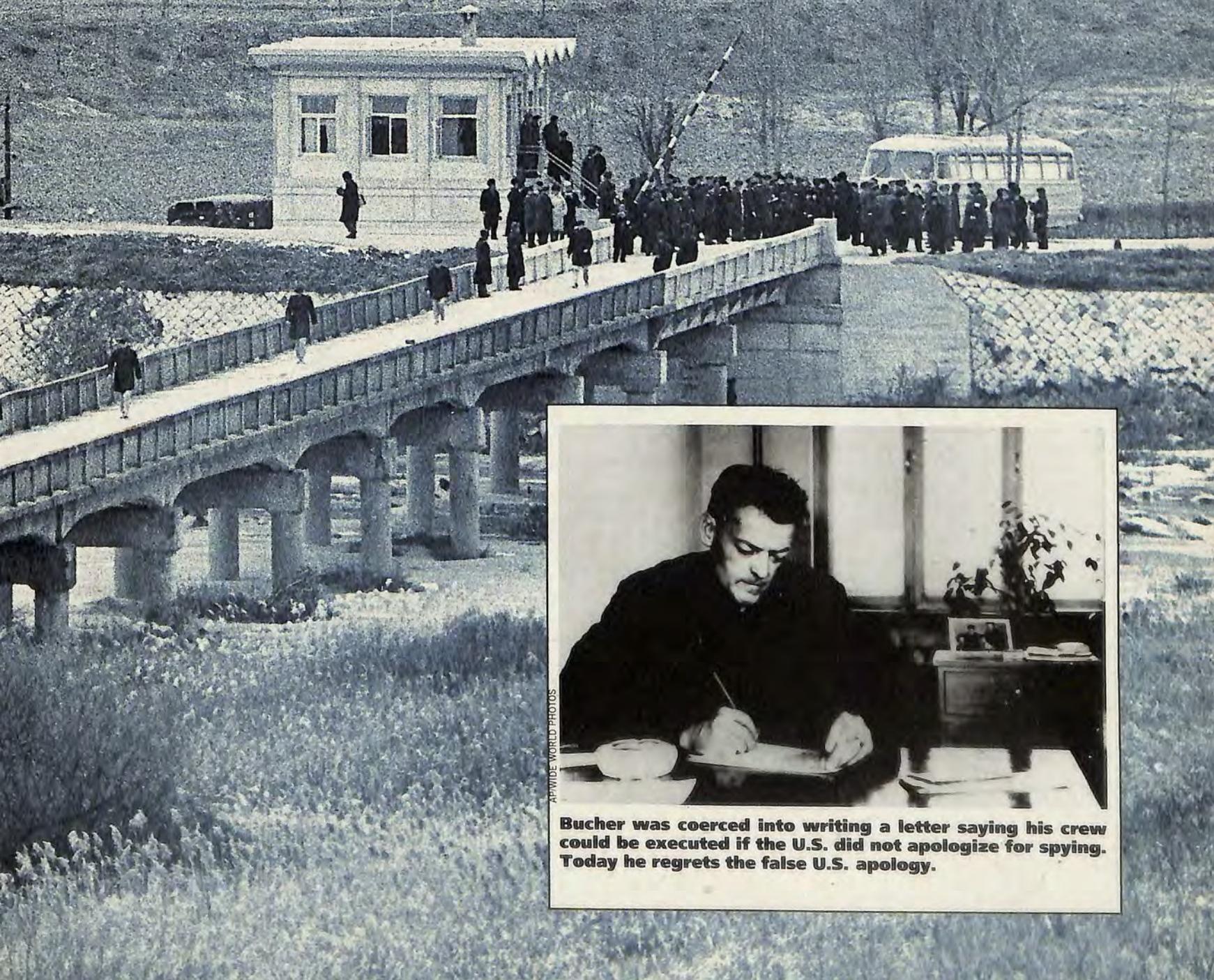
**By Brock Brower**

past that limit, going 17 miles offshore into neutral waters, and raked the Pueblo's bridge with gunfire, killing one crew member. When the Pueblo tried to run toward deeper seas, they forced her to heave to, then boarded her and brazenly took 82 U.S. Navy crewmen hostage. The seizure of the Pueblo was seen as the first time a U.S. Navy ship's captain—Commander Bucher—had surrendered on the high seas without firing a shot. We could not know it then, but it was also the first of a number of frustrating, humiliating hostage crises the U.S. would be forced to endure in the years to come.

The Pueblo had gone to sea armed only with two .50-caliber machine guns. When the North Koreans attacked, the ship's forward gun, covered with a tarpaulin stiff



# the Pueblo



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS  
**Bucher was coerced into writing a letter saying his crew could be executed if the U.S. did not apologize for spying. Today he regrets the false U.S. apology.**

from the cold, looked like "a frozen marshmallow," as Bucher later described it. To man it in the face of enemy fire, he reasoned, would mean sending someone to certain death. So he concentrated instead on the destruction of the ship's secret documents. But there was no proper equipment aboard to expedite the destruction of the ship's vast load of classified materials; the Navy had supplied only one ponderously slow shredder.

Communications technicians began to strike at code machines with axes, which only bounced back at them. They lit fires in the ship's corridors, raising a smoke that threatened to suffocate the embattled crew. Lieut. Comdr. Stephen R. Harris, who ran the Pueblo's intelligence operation, even tried to flush papers down a toilet, forgetting that the Pueblo's pump didn't work when there was a battle call to general quarters.

Communications Technician Donald E. Bailey, radioing desperately up to the last moment, warned that "destruction of publication[s] have been ineffective. Suspect several will be compromised." Piles of classified papers, stuffed into mattress covers, were left behind—to await North Korean and, ultimately, Soviet intelligence—because U.S. Navy regulations required a ship to be in deeper waters before documents could be jettisoned.

Back home, the incident was stirring patriotic outrage and a sense of frustration over America's impotence in the face of a weaker power's audacity. "A 10th-rate power," Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara called North Korea when I interviewed him for *Life* magazine that winter. But he still managed to fit the Pueblo crisis into his overall strategy. "You've got to have overwhelming power, but it's got to be applied with restraint," he told me. "This is especially pertinent in the case of the Pueblo. Several Congressmen have said, 'Blow a damn city off the map,' but—and this is extremely important—we haven't yet fired a shot. That's the strategy of restraint."

How reasonable! How quaint! But it wasn't only a few bloody-minded Congressmen who wanted to lay waste Kim Il Sung's Democratic People's Republic of Korea. During their long captivity the crewmen themselves looked for some U.S. retaliation. At the Naval Court of Inquiry held after the 82 got back home, Ens. Timothy Harris broke down when asked about his state of mind during his captivity. "I had extreme hatred for the North Koreans," he said through tears. Adm. Allen A. Bergner offered to withdraw his question, but Harris went on: "What I wanted to do was to take... my life.... I

couldn't do it.... I was hoping eventually I'd hear some bombers."

After brutal beatings at a North Korean prison the Americans called "the Barn," other crewmen gave way to the same feelings. A particularly vengeful round of punishments followed the captors' realization that the crew had inadvertently made them a laughingstock around the world. In a photograph sent home to relatives, five of eight crewmen displayed what they told their captors was "the Hawaiian good luck symbol"—an extended middle finger. In a development that foreshadowed the press's clumsy—if unwitting—role in hostage cri-

subtly resist their captors too. The North Korean colonel in charge of the Barn tried to make crude propaganda out of the crew's forced confessions by staging press conferences. The men countered with hidden jokes and absurd statements. Steve Harris confessed to being trained by the S.P.C.A. ("Special Projects Coordinating Administration"). Bucher admitted he had met with C.I.A. agent "Buzz Sawyer" and said that he was guilty of trespassing into Korean waters because "penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete the act"—a characterization, recognizable in the U.S., of rape.



**In a photograph sent home, the prisoners displayed "the Hawaiian good luck symbol." Their captors did not take the joke lightly.**

ses to come, the photograph found its way into the pages of *Time*, which described the gesture as "the U.S. hand signal of derisiveness and contempt." The magazine had let the whole world—including the Korean captors—in on a private joke, with devastating consequences. During the ensuing "Hell Week," as the crew called it, Bucher's front teeth were knocked loose, Communications Technician Ralph McClintock was beaten with a studded belt, and Hospital Corpsman Herman P. Baldridge had his jaw broken.

In despair, Bucher tried to drown himself in his prison water bucket. Sgt. Robert J. Hammond broke a mirror and, lying in bed, jabbed a piece into his stomach. But it wasn't all despair; the crew managed to

The prisoners were held hostage for 334 days, 21 hours and 3 minutes, their freedom finally secured through one of the most complicated, if pragmatic, waffles ever negotiated between hostile powers. Talks between the two nations had begun soon after the Pueblo's seizure, and President Johnson was desperate for a resolution to the crisis. Presidential aide Art McCafferty (quoted by Trevor Armbrister in *A Matter of Accountability*) remembers waking Johnson at 1 A.M. to tell him about a North Korean request to meet again at Panmunjom. He told the President that the U.S. would wait a few hours, then make a counterproposal. "He really exploded. 'There are 82 men's lives at stake,' he said. 'Doesn't anybody in this

government understand that we will do anything to get those men back—including meeting naked in the middle of the street at high noon if that's what it takes?"

The talks had been bogged down since May; the stumbling block was the North Koreans' insistence that the U.S. sign a document admitting that the Pueblo had violated Korean territorial waters. State Department negotiator James F. Leonard agonized. Couldn't the U.S. just sign the false statement, he asked himself, then repudiate it as the last sailor came across the bridge? No, he concluded, because that would make the U.S. a signatory to a

out their absurd confessions. Secretary of State Dean Rusk immediately repudiated the just-signed document. "Apparently the North Koreans believe there is propaganda value even in a worthless document," he said. "It is a strange procedure."

In a rush of national relief, the returning Pueblo crewmen were acclaimed as heroes. Still, a Naval Court of Inquiry was convened. After eight weeks of wrenching testimony—with both officers and enlisted men often in tears—the admirals on the Naval Court recommended that Bucher be court-martialed for failing to resist and Steve Harris for failure to destroy confi-

together. But the Navy still reduced him to a peculiar kind of Old Navy mascot: a scapegoat, as he suggested in his 1970 book, *Bucher: My Story*.

On post-Pueblo duty in Vietnam, he helped plan the mining of Haiphong Harbor, then helped lift the mines for the Vietnam truce. In 1973, he retired, on his Navy pension and some \$90,000 in book royalties, to an avocado farm in Poway, Calif. After root-rot set in, the avocados had to be replaced by hardier orange trees, to Bucher's dismay (he says he still misses the avocados' silvery-green leaves). He wrote a comic novel—never published—about submarine duty, took history and art courses at U.C.L.A. and became an avid watercolorist. "I've sold 350 paintings," he says, proudly, "mostly out of my home." His favorite subjects are decidedly land-based—cowboys and Indians, children, birch trees.

But Bucher has also labored to apply the lessons he took from North Korea to similar episodes. "I believe I was made a scapegoat," he observed during the 1980 Iran hostage crisis, "and I think [the Teheran hostages] might be made the scapegoats in Iran." He added that he regretted the false apology made by the U.S. to gain the Pueblo crew's release and hoped it wouldn't be repeated.

Today the hostage crisis has become permanent. We are all too well conditioned for the next kidnapped Marine and the next hijacked jet. On the nightly news we watch numbly as yet another hostage body is dropped, like baggage, from the hatch door onto the tarmac.

Bucher now believes that "you have to put on your ethical and moral blinders and go in with appropriate, overwhelming force. A 'reasonable' approach only encourages others to do the same thing. You must be determined to use barbaric retaliation against barbaric forces. A gigantic earthmover to crush an ant."

But wouldn't that approach have meant, in the case of the Pueblo, certain death for himself and his men?

"I had this understanding before the incident ever happened," Bucher answers, speaking very carefully. He says he never expected to be taken captive, but once he was, "I figured we'd be out of there in 48 hours or we'd be dead."

Instead, Bucher and his men were made to endure 11 months of physical and psychological degradation. Everyone agrees it was a miracle they all survived. Last July, at a 20th reunion in San Diego, they celebrated that miracle.

BROCK BROWER is working on a book about the 1980's.



**The crew's 20th reunion in San Diego last July celebrated the miracle of their survival. Bucher is in dark blue, fifth from the left in front.**

falsehood, which would then be described as a low trick. It was Leonard's wife, Eleanor, who finally helped to break the deadlock. "If you really make it clear beforehand that your signature is on a false document," she told her husband, "well, then, you remove the deception."

It worked. Maj. Gen. Gilbert H. Woodward sat down opposite Maj. Gen. Pak Chung Kuk at Panmunjom on Dec. 23 and announced that the United States could not apologize for actions it had never taken. "My signature will not and cannot alter the facts," he stated. "I will sign the document to free the crew and only to free the crew." He did so, and half an hour later the men hobbled across the bridge, with North Korean loudspeakers blaring

dental materials. This incredible recommendation was promptly quashed by Secretary of the Navy John Chafee. "They have suffered enough," Chafee said. But the damage to Bucher—to his career, his spirit, his very identity—had been done.

Pete Bucher was a product not of Annapolis but of Boys Town, an orphan who enlisted to see the world. He became an expert submariner but never qualified for Admiral Rickover's exclusive nuclear club. So when the Navy ran out of diesel subs he was shunted off to a hasty berth aboard his first and only command, the Pueblo, an unprepared ship on an ill-conceived mission. During his captivity, even the Court of Inquiry admirals agreed, he demonstrated leadership and held his crew



The announcement  
of the wedding  
unleashed waves  
of resentment.  
JFK's widow, said  
one journalist,  
was marrying  
a man "too old,  
too foreign, too  
dark and too rich."

*The most admired woman in the world was marrying one of the world's richest men. But why? And why did we feel betrayed?*

# The Vows Heard Round the World

By Maxine Cheshire Warren

O

n a Richter scale of human reactions, the shock of Oct. 17, 1968—the day the world learned that Jacqueline Kennedy would marry Greek shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis—rivalled that of the “Black Friday” stock market crash of October 1929. Certainly there were more people invested—at least emotionally—in “Camelot” than in Wall Street.

Upon Jack Kennedy’s death, America banished his widow to a fairy-tale exile where she was expected to fulfill—perhaps indefinitely—her vigil as keeper of the eternal flame. When she emerged five years later at the age of 39 to marry a man nearly 25 years her senior—a man one

journalist described as “too old, too foreign, too small, too dark and too rich”—waves of resentment reverberated around the world. In the U.S. particularly, people felt personally betrayed. “Shameless,” some said. A former Kennedy aide said Jackie had “gone from Prince Charming to Caliban,” the deformed, savage creature in Shakespeare’s *Tempest*. A German newspaper thought that “America has lost a saint.” The Vatican called Jackie a “public sinner” for marrying a divorced man. With characteristic disdain, novelist Gore Vidal, a perennial Kennedy basher, deemed the match “highly suitable.”

On Oct. 20, three days after the nuptials had been announced, the ceremony took place in the rain on Onassis’ private Aegean island of Skorpios, which he had bought years before for the bargain price of \$84,000. A Greek newspaper cartoonist, playing on Onassis’ ownership of Olympic Airlines and his short stature, drew Jackie as a goddess atop Mount Olympus and her husband as a pole-vaulting mortal trying to scale her heights.

The young woman whom syndicated columnist Cholly Knickerbocker dubbed “Queen Debutante” of 1947 possessed beauty, intelligence, refinement and dignity. No wonder that when Jacqueline Kennedy became First Lady of the land 14 years later she also became the most admired woman in the world. No monarch or

movie star ever enjoyed more public adulation. JFK once said that he had never seen anyone—except the Pope—stir the emotions of crowds in foreign countries as she could. Fluent in French and competent in several other languages, the Vassar- and Sorbonne-educated First Lady charmed foreign hosts by greeting them in their own language. And she had something that might have been envied by any queen in history: modern media to project her aura into the minds of millions.

She also had a former Hollywood image-maker—Joseph P. Kennedy—at the controls. I am convinced that only by understanding what Joe Kennedy meant to his daughter-in-law can we understand why she chose Aristotle Onassis to be her second husband. When Jacqueline Bouvier exchanged vows with Jack Kennedy in the social and political extravaganza that was her Newport wedding on Sept. 12, 1953, she didn’t marry just a dashing young senator. She married wealth, power and the protection offered by patriarch Joe. In a sense, the senior Kennedy became the father Jackie had been denied, providing her with more emotional and financial security than she had ever known.

Former Florida Senator George Smathers, one of JFK’s favorite cronies, revealed recently that it was Joe who paid for Jackie’s wedding to his son, turning it into a carefully staged media event befitting a future President and his First Lady. It was the beginning of a pattern. Joe Kennedy always paid homage to Jackie in the way he knew best: by plying her with expensive gifts. I myself

BILL RAY/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.



**At the beginning the couple seemed happy enough. But as Onassis aged, his bitterness apparently fastened on Jackie.**



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



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can remember Joe bounding jovially up the steps of Jackie's house in Georgetown soon after she brought newborn John-John home from the hospital in December 1960. He was holding in his hand a velvet box from Van Cleef & Arpels, a pair of diamond earrings inside. Fashion designer Oleg Cassini revealed in his memoirs that Joe Kennedy asked him in 1960 to provide Jackie with a wardrobe befitting Marie Antoinette. Kennedy instructed Cassini simply to bill him and to keep the amount, as well as the source, to himself.

In accepting Ari's proposal, Jackie thought she was getting the same paternalism all over again. "Everyone asks me why [Jackie is marrying Onassis]," her sister, Lee Radziwill, said at the time. "It's because my sister is very shy and she has at last found a man. . .the only man . . .who can offer the kind of protection she has been looking for." And perhaps opera star Maria Callas, Onassis' former mistress, was not so far off the mark when she said how clever it was of Jackie "to provide a grandfather for her children."

The point is that it was Joe Kennedy—not Jack—that Jackie looked to Onassis to replace. She was beguiled, in her search for sanctuary, by what she perceived as similarities in the two older men. Both were exciting, larger-than-life figures, rich beyond material need, who indulged their appetites to live life to the fullest, and on

their own terms. Both were self-made; both disdained popular opinion, particularly the public's reverence for their wealth and scorn for how they got it. (The senior Kennedy made his first fortune wholesaling liquor; Onassis was once indicted on conspiracy charges under the Shipping Act.) Both understood power and the trappings of power; both could bend governments to their will.

Jacqueline Bouvier's stockbroker father, known as "Black Jack" for his swarthy complexion, was a flamboyant, high-living character with a drinking problem and a reputation as a womanizer. His divorce from Janet Bouvier was devastating to the then 13-year-old Jackie, and his death in 1957 left her and her sister with only a small inheritance. Their mother made an excellent second marriage to the rich and socially prominent Hugh Dudley Auchincloss, but the sisters grew up in their wealthy stepfather's mansion sleeping in an attic bedroom while their younger step-siblings occupied sunny, spacious nurseries on the floor below.

As a young inquiring photographer for the old *Washington Times-Herald*, Jackie wore inexpensive drip-dry dresses, and she wore them still when she became engaged to Jack Kennedy. Jack was not the only Kennedy to see Jackie's potential; Joe, too, realized the contribution she could make to the family image he was creating.

He recognized her "class" and "breeding." Perhaps he also intuited her loyalty, a prerequisite for the wife of a son with a roving eye.

About Jack's philandering, there has never been any doubt in my mind that Jackie was aware of it. But something seemed to pull her back each time she became fed up. Instead of breaking with Jack, she would withdraw to their Virginia hunt-country estate or some other retreat, leaving the White House press staff to explain that she would not be appearing in public for a while because she was pregnant or tired or needed privacy.

After Jack's death, Jackie's circumstances were reduced, though she did manage to settle into a comfortable Fifth Avenue apartment and to maintain an active—if discreet—social life. The Kennedy wealth had always been exaggerated, and Joe, who suffered a stroke in 1961 and was to die in 1969, couldn't continue to pick up the bills. Nonetheless, she obliged the Kennedys, and the nation, in her role as saintly widow until the assassination of Bobby Kennedy released her from a vow not to do anything that might tarnish his Presidential bid. This second assassination also renewed her fear of physical danger to herself and her children. In mourning a second slain Kennedy she felt, as never before, the need for someone to watch over her.

NOGUES/SYGMA  
BRIAN QUIGLEY/OUTLINE PRESS

Jackie adored her flamboyant father, known as "Black Jack" (far left). Joe Kennedy gave her the security she craved. Onassis had much in common with Kennedy Sr.; both were self-made, larger-than-life figures. After Onassis' death, his daughter Christina settled with Jackie for \$26 million. Today, the men in Jackie's life (above, left to right, at daughter Caroline's law school graduation) include son-in-law Edwin Schlossberg, a designer; son John, who made his first public appearance at the Democratic National Convention, and Senator Ted Kennedy, with whom she remains close. International businessman Maurice Tempelsman (right) is her steady companion.



BRIAN QUIGLEY/OUTLINE PRESS

## 20

years  
ago

Onassis, introduced to Jackie by sister Lee in 1963, appeared to fit the bill. (Jackie once said, "Who did people want me to marry, a dentist from New Jersey?") Despite widespread reports of a prenuptial agreement, I personally don't believe Jackie and Ari signed one; the main source of the story claims the document was signed in New York on a day when Onassis was, in fact, in Athens. (I know because he telephoned me that day. And reversed the charges!)

Jackie and Ari seemed happy enough in their marriage, at least at the beginning. Jetting between nine homes in such places as Monte Carlo, Paris, Greece and London, they lived lavishly. For Jackie's 40th birthday, in the first summer of their marriage, Ari threw an all-night party that began at their Greek villa and ended at a seaside nightclub, where he presented her with a 40-carat diamond. In New York, they dined often at Elaine's, the celebrity hangout, where Ari could be observed affectionately chiding his wife about her smoking habit. He enjoyed a warm relationship with John Jr. and Caroline, though Onassis' daughter, Christina, apparently resented her stepmother from the first. Business kept Ari constantly on the move, while Jackie preferred to stay in the U.S. to be near her children in boarding schools.

Jackie never gave up her New York

apartment and never remodeled the guest room where Ari occasionally stayed overnight. The room was very feminine, with floral wallpaper more suitable for a little girl than a shipping magnate, and Jackie continued to use the shower in the adjoining bathroom for extra storage space.

Rumors that Ari wanted a divorce began circulating in the spring of 1970 but were denied by him later that year. Following Onassis' death (from pneumonia, following gall bladder surgery) in March 1975, attorney Roy Cohn was quoted as saying he'd been contacted to represent Ari in divorce proceedings, but others close to Onassis denied it. Columnist Jack Anderson has made much of the fact that Onassis, only a month before he died, asked him to reveal Jackie's breach of her \$30,000-a-month allowance. Since Onassis enjoyed an annual income in the millions, most of it tax-free, I suspect his call to Anderson had more to do with a dying man's disenchantment with his wife than real financial concern. The loss of his son Alexander in a 1973 plane crash embittered him, and as he got older and his health failed, his bitterness apparently fastened on Jackie. Whatever the cause, few deny that at the end Onassis wanted to limit her inheritance.

He might have succeeded had Teddy Kennedy not intervened. One of Onassis' closest associates told me that it was Ted-

dy who convinced Christina that she would be well advised to settle a fair widow's share on her stepmother. Teddy, I was told, pointed out to Christina that a woman in her position could benefit from friends in Washington. He also supposedly told her that the cost of fighting her former stepmother might well run to \$20 million in legal fees. In any case, Christina, who today lives in Athens and directs the Onassis shipping enterprises, settled with Jackie for \$26 million, a pittance when compared to her father's total worth, estimated at \$500 million.

Six months after Onassis' death, Jackie took a job as an editor at Viking Press, earning a reported \$200 a week. But she resigned in the fall of 1977 when Viking published a novel depicting Ted Kennedy as the target of an assassination attempt. The next year she signed on at Doubleday, where the books she has edited have included the best-selling autobiographies of dancer Gelsey Kirkland and Michael Jackson. She became a grandmother last June when daughter Caroline, 30, having just graduated from Columbia Law School, gave birth to a daughter, Rose. (Caroline's husband is artist/designer Edwin Schlossberg.) Son John, 27, is in his last year of law school at New York University.

After dating a number of men, including newspaper columnist Pete Hamill, in the late 70's and early 80's, Jackie began to be



Jackie, 59, rides regularly near her weekend house in Peapack, N.J. The new, doting grandmother also maintains an apartment in New York and a summer home on Martha's Vineyard. She keeps her relationship with Maurice Tempelsman very discreet.

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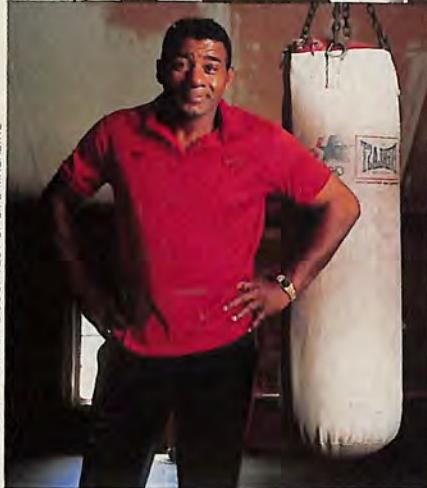
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# Where Are They Now?

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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**Floyd Patterson**, former heavyweight boxing champion (1956-1959, 1960-1962), still punches the bag most days at the New Paltz, N.Y.

gymnasium he bought in 1973. He teaches physical fitness to teen-agers "so that they learn to appreciate their bodies instead of abusing them with drugs." Married for 23 years to wife Janet, Patterson, 53, is proud of having run in six marathons and boasts that he weighs less today than he did in his prime. He keeps in touch with Ingemar Johansson, the Swedish boxer who knocked him out in 1959 to win the world title. (Patterson reclaimed the title from Johansson in 1960.) Of heavyweight boxer Mike Tyson, Patterson says, "He has everything, but you only become great when you're the underdog and you go on to beat the competition."

**John B. Anderson**, 66, former Republican Congressman from Illinois who ran for President as an independent candidate in 1980,



is teaching constitutional law this semester at Nova University Center for the Study of Law in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He also lectures across the country on the American political system. Anderson lives in Washington, D.C. with his wife, Keke, and four of his five children (his oldest lives in Florida). After his Presidential campaign, Anderson worked briefly as a television commentator in Chicago. In 1984 he published *The American Economy We Need—and Won't Get From the Republicans or Democrats*. If he could change his 1980 campaign tactics, Anderson says he "would have tried earlier to convince people that it was more than simply an effort to give them an alternative to Carter or Reagan." Skeptical of the chances for a third party to succeed today, Anderson nonetheless argues that "if it takes an entirely new entity to stir the existing parties to reform, then so be it."

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



**Anita Bryant**, 47, the singer, orange juice promoter and former Miss Oklahoma whose denunciations of homosexuality created a furor in 1977, is attempting a comeback. Bryant's remark, "If God wanted homosexuality, he would have put Adam and Bruce in the garden of Eden," drew wide criticism and a

reprimand from the Screen Actors Guild. Her 12-year orange juice contract was canceled by the Florida Citrus Commission. And when she divorced husband Bob Green in 1980, she was abandoned by many of her Christian supporters. She moved out of her Florida mansion to Selma, Ala. and subsequently to Atlanta, where she lives today. Last year she released her first album in 10 years, a gospel collection entitled *Anita, With Love*. She is working on a book, *Just Plain Anita Jane*, and now believes that homosexuals, like drug abusers, will be forgiven by God if they change their ways.

**By Delphine Taylor**

1969 marriage to Miss Vicki on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* drew 48 million viewers. Though divorced from Miss Vicki, Tiny continues to pay her homage. "As long as she lives," he says, "she will be my spiritual wife." Miss Vicki, remarried, lives in Cherry Hill, N.J. The daughter she and Tiny had, Tulip, 17, lives with foster parents and is herself a mother. Tiny makes his home in New York City.

## Svetlana Alliluyeva

61, daughter of Joseph Stalin, lives near Madison, Wis. and refuses to talk to the press. Svetlana defected from the



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

1937



TASS/SOVFOTO

Soviet Union in 1967 and came to the United States. In 1970 she married architect Wesley Peters and gave birth to daughter Olga the following year. But by 1973, Svetlana and Peters were divorced. She stayed in the U.S. until 1982, then moved to England. In 1984 she returned to the



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

1969

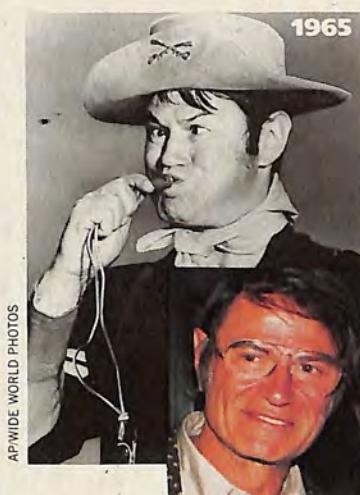
## FLASHBACK

U.S.S.R. with Olga, claiming that she had "never enjoyed one day of freedom in the West." But 18 months later, she returned to America. In 1986, Svetlana appealed to acquaintances at the State Department for help in finding employment. "It's hard for me to beg," she wrote, "[but] this is my worst time I have ever met. . . . The attitude towards me, after my return from the U.S.S.R. . . . is hostile." Last April, Svetlana, now Lana Peters, relinquished her Soviet citizenship for the second time. Today she translates documents for the U.S. Government. Olga, 17, attends school in England.

**Jake LaMotta**, 67, champion middleweight boxer (1949-1951) and subject of the 1980 film *Raging Bull*, makes his living as a stand-up comedian. (Sample: "My first wife divorced me because I clashed with the drapes.") He

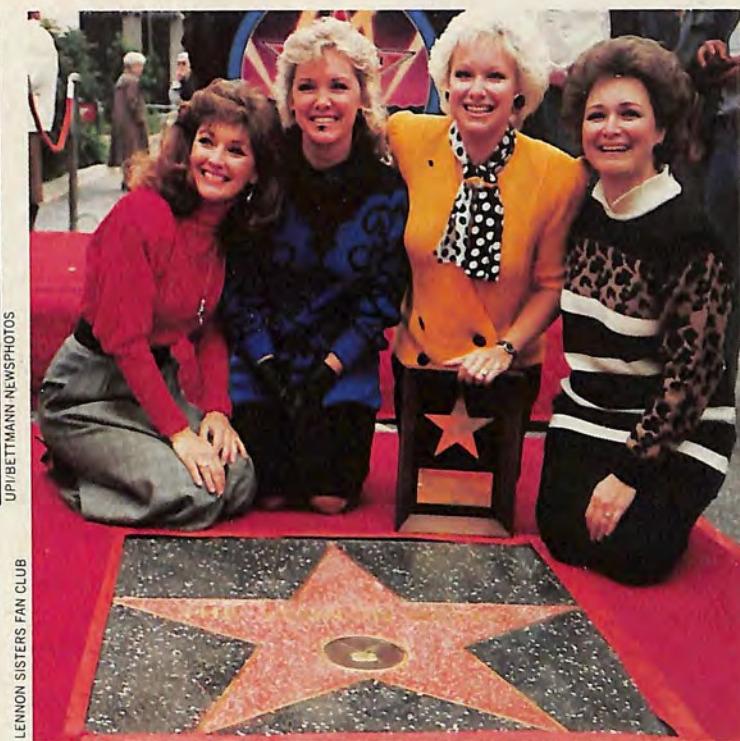


also works as a fight promoter for Top Rank, a sports promotion company based in New York. LaMotta and his present wife, Theresa, who doubles as his manager, live in New York City. "Like most movies about people's lives," he says of the film that revived his fame, "they got to fictionalize a small percentage of it. But it's mostly all true."



**Larry Storch**, 65, the comic actor who played the kooky Cpl. Randolph Agarn on television's *F Troop*, enjoys performing in nightclubs when he has the time. "It's the child that I started with and I'll never let it go," he says. Storch recently toured in *Arsenic and Old Lace* and is now starring in *The Life of Jimmy Durante*, directed by Ginger Rogers. Storch also does voice-overs for TV commercials, including those for the McDonald's characters Hamburglar and Captain Crook. Storch and his wife of 27 years, Norma, have homes in Los Angeles and New York and are part-owners of Le Jardin, a restaurant in Washington, D.C. Storch keeps his sense of humor by rising early, standing on his head for half an hour, and then playing his saxophone to the birds in the park.

**The Lennon Sisters**, regular singers on the *Lawrence Welk Show* from 1955 to 1967, live in Southern California and still perform, mainly on the West Coast. Dianne (48), Peggy (47), Kathy (46) and Janet (41) collaborated on their 1985 biography, *Same Song, Separate Voices*, and recently released an album of gospel music, *Songs of Faith and Inspiration*. Last December they were awarded the 1,862d star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. Kathy remembers Lawrence Welk as being "like a grandfather, but he could be very tough" as well. She says



that singing polkas in the era of Elvis and the Beatles could be "so embarrassing. The clothes we had to wear—those little frilly dresses—that's why we left the show. We didn't want to dance around the toadstools and sing 'Here Comes Peter Cottontail' anymore."

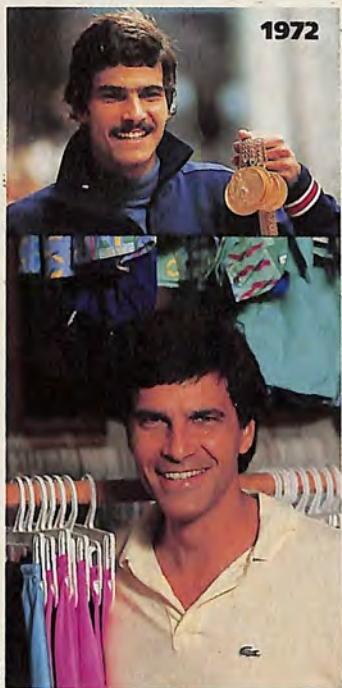
Cummings gave up flying, his favorite hobby, when he turned 70, "as a favor to everybody below." Reflecting on his long career and youthful appearance, he says, "I've been lucky. I've lived a charmed life."



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**Bob Cummings**, 78, star of *The Bob Cummings Show*, which ran from 1955 to 1961, is retired after 57 years in show business. "Fifty-seven years and I'm still alive!" he exclaims. He and his wife, Gigi, live in Glendale, Calif., with their son, Bobby, 19. Cummings has five children (several of whom are actors) from a previous marriage, and eight grandchildren. He recently completed his autobiography and continues to promote healthful eating (he wrote *Stay Young and Vital* in 1954).





1972

JOHN ZIMMERMAN/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

JOE VITTI

**Mark Spitz**, 38, the dark, sleek swimmer who clinched seven gold medals and set seven world records (all subsequently broken) at the 1972 Munich Olympics, now manufactures a line of children's clothing and works occasionally as a sports commentator for ABC-TV. He still swims almost every day in his backyard pool in Los Angeles, where he lives with his wife, Suzy, and 7-year-old son, Matthew. Spitz, an avid sailor, has competed in the Trans-Pac race between California and Hawaii.

performance in the 1958 film *South Pacific*. He was later a regular on TV's *Peyton Place*. Now a trial lawyer in Los Angeles, he still performs—before a jury. "My acting has made me a little less self-conscious about standing in front of a lot of people," he says today. Why the career shift? "I just felt that I wanted a change," he explains. "I never really felt comfortable in front of a camera." He entered U.C.L.A.'s law school at age 35 and passed the bar in 1970. Although he continued to moonlight as an actor until 1975, today he sticks to his law practice, representing injured plaintiffs in medical malpractice suits. Kerr has been married to his second wife, Barbara, since 1979. He has three children from his first marriage and two stepchildren in his second.



1960

adults. A victim of polio as a child, Rudolph described in her 1977 autobiography, *Wilma*, how she overcame the disease; NBC subsequently turned the book into a documentary. She has made television appearances and done promotional work for the Olympics and the Pan Am Games.

**Denny McLain**, 44, former baseball star with the Detroit Tigers, became the first pitcher since Dizzy Dean to win more than 30 games in one season (1968). The two-time Cy Young Award winner (1968 and 1969) abruptly fell from grace in 1970 when he was suspended for bookmaking, and in 1985 he was convicted of racketeering, conspiracy, extortion and drug possession. He served 29½ months of an eight-year sentence; the verdict was overturned in 1987, but the Government intends to re-trial him on all counts. Now living in Fort Wayne, Ind., with his wife, Sharyn, and his four children, McLain organizes baseball promotions for a sports marketing firm and recently published *Strike Out*, a book about his trials and errors. Looking back, McLain observes, "Sure I've made some significant errors in judgment, but I'm certainly not anywhere near Al Capone."

**Doris Day**, 64, star of romantic film comedies in the 50's and 60's, recently became part-owner of a Carmel, Calif. hotel. An animal-rights activist, she founded the Doris Day Animal League in 1977 and recently set up a lobbying group, the Doris Day Animal Foundation. Day drew media attention in 1978 when her third husband, Martin Melcher, died and she learned that he and business manager Jerome Rosenthal had secretly invested and lost most of her \$20 million fortune. (She recovered \$6



million of it in court.) Her 1976 marriage to sculptor Barry Comden ended after three years. From 1985 to 1987, Day hosted a Christian Broadcasting Network cable TV series about animals, *Doris Day's Best Friends*. She recently recorded an album of songs written by her producer-composer son, Terry.

circa  
1960

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**John Kerr**, 56, followed his movie debut as the sensitive young man in *Tea and Sympathy* with a memorable

**Wilma Rudolph**, 48, American track star who won three gold medals at the 1960 Rome Olympics, works out regularly on the indoor track at DePauw University (Greencastle, Ind.), where she is the women's track director and special consultant on minority affairs. Living in Indianapolis with her four children, Rudolph is also head of the Wilma Rudolph Foundation, a nonprofit amateur sports program for children and



1969

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

# The pen is mighty and some pens are n



Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower holding the Parker 51 pens used to sign the German surrender on May 7, 1945 at Reims, France.

Parker Pens have been chosen to sign some of the most important documents of this century.

The first use of a Parker to sign a peace treaty

was between the United States and Spain in Paris on December 10, 1898.

The most recent, as you may recall, was to sign the historic arms reduction agreement between the USSR and the US in Washington a few months ago.

With so many pens to choose from why have so many world leaders chosen Parker?

It is difficult to describe how a Parker Pen feels as it glides effortlessly across the page, leaving gleaming words behind it.

You must experience this pleasure firsthand. We can, however, offer some explanation as to



September 2, 1945, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Admiral C. W. Nimitz use a Parker Duofold and a Parker 51 to sign the Japanese surrender.



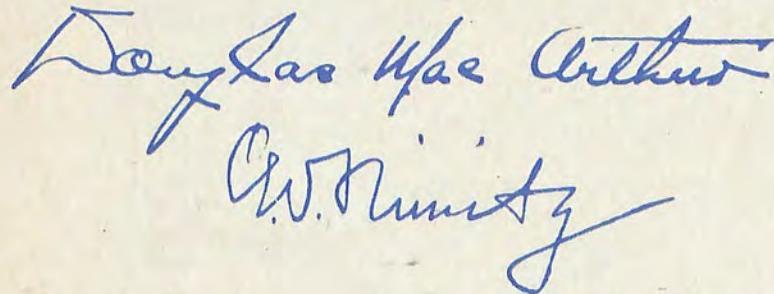
# sharper than the sword brighter than others.

why a Parker Pen can give your handwriting a character, style and flair that lesser pens simply can't.

Take our newest pen, the Parker Duofold Centennial pictured below, for instance. Its classic design from the twenties conceals "state-of-the-art" technology of the eighties.

As your thoughts flow, it will not dry up, blotch or scratch under any normal writing conditions, due to an ink collector system of tiny fins engineered to .75 of one-thousandth of an inch.

Yet while we embrace modern technology, we



Douglas MacArthur  
C.W. Kinnish

refuse to abandon some rather old-fashioned ideas on craftsmanship.

It still takes four days to make a Parker nib. We cut and press our nibs from 18 karat gold, then split them from tip to heart by hand using a .004" cutting disk.

To polish a nib to Parker standards takes 56 hours using a rotating drum of walnut shells. (There

is no better way.) Finally, each nib is tipped with ruthenium, which is four times harder than steel and ten times smoother.

And before any dignitary signs their name with



LOWE TUCKER MCNAUL

January 9, 1981, US Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher uses a Parker Roller Ball to sign the formal agreement freeing 52 American hostages from Iran.

a Parker Pen, one of our white gloved inspectors must first deem it perfect and sign theirs.

As you may have concluded, a Parker Pen can cost a considerable sum of money. But no more than you would expect for a pen with such a testament to its value.

 PARKER



## LETTERS

# Thanks for the MEMORIES

### Hugs and Kisses

SELDOM, IF EVER, DO I READ a magazine from cover to cover. *MEMORIES* has certainly been the exception.

For those of us who were there and remember the events you so aptly depict, you are giving an opportunity to "go back" once more and revisit our youth. For those who are too young to remember, you are doing a wonderful service by giving them a painless and, at the same time, highly entertaining sociological history lesson.

RICHARD L. SCHWAN, D.O.  
Salem, Ore.

JUST LOVED YOUR MAGAZINE. I couldn't put it down and read it from cover to cover in one sitting. The more I read, the more I wanted to read.

PATRICIA G. NELSON  
Racine, Wis.

I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT. What a fabulous idea for a magazine! It certainly brought back a flood of memories for me. Usually I don't read a magazine from cover to cover. This time I read it all!

CAROL MCKAY  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I WOULD JUST LIKE TO THANK you for the most enjoyable magazine in a very long time. I was not born until 1967, so most of what I know about the period you covered is from textbooks. I can assure you that my textbooks were not very interesting. But your magazine is.

JANET L. FAIRFIELD  
Irving, Tex.



LET ME THANK YOU FOR THE very pleasant surprise your delightful magazine has given me. I think it's great that we have such a rich history and that people like you know that the public loves to look back at its past.

BRIAN D. HURTT  
Columbus, Ohio

I READ PAGE AFTER PAGE. IT took me back. I felt like a kid again, got the same feeling I get when I look through my high-school yearbook.

LINDA CROWLEY  
Sayreville, N.J.

I HAVE NEVER WRITTEN A letter to any company or magazine before, but after reading your magazine from cover to cover I felt I had to tell you what I think. It's the best magazine I have ever read. I've always loved reading about the past, so I hope your magazine will continue in the same fashion for a long, long time. I'm going to save each issue so that when my children get older they can enjoy seeing how the past has influenced their present.

DEBRA L. BULLEN  
Pewaukee, Wis.

I THINK MEMORIES SHOULD BE required reading for all junior and senior high-school students. Why? Because, having spent many hours reading long, boring history textbooks, *MEMORIES* has managed to arouse my interest in the past. Once I picked it up, I could not put the magazine down.

BRENDA J. LONG  
Baltimore, Md.

I THOUGHT YOUR MAGAZINE was great! I think of it as an informative and interesting history lesson. At my age (23) I often don't know what people are talking about when they mention names or events from 30 or 40 years ago. With *MEMORIES*, I'll be more informed in the future.

ELIZABETH KORNBLUM  
A.P.O., N.Y.

I DID INDEED SHARE MEMORIES with you as I read from cover to cover. I enjoyed, I wept, I laughed and learned. *MEMORIES* is, right now, just what I want it to be. Please don't change it. It has everything.

LOIS ASHMORE  
Surrey, British Columbia  
Canada

MEMORIES WILL HAVE A great future, no doubt. Congratulations on your first issue. Now if only I could recall all the details of my own life so vividly. . . .

DAVID DOTY  
New York, N.Y.

YOU HAVE DONE IT—THE BEST magazine since *Life*. One of my co-workers brought it to work, and we fought over who was going to look at it first.

BETTY JOHNSON  
Melbourne, Fla.

ALL OF YOUR EFFORT AND hard work shows. What a delight to relive some of my own past. . . .and times previous to that. Articles were all excellent. Pats on the back to all of you!!

SUE BULLINGTON  
Fremont, Calif.

I RECENTLY PICKED UP THE first edition of *MEMORIES*, and I was delighted! The magazine was great fun to read. The main articles were informative and enjoyable, but I think the small blurbs and tidbits of information really made the magazine click.

DAVE TIKTIN  
Lyndhurst, Ohio

THERE IS SO MUCH IN *MEMORIES*—it's almost overwhelming. I figure it's a tribute to my nervous system that I lived through all that. It left me a little unsettled, sad, sometimes laughing but most of all breathless; as I closed the magazine I thought to myself, "I've done a heap of living in the past 50 years."

Keep the issues flowing. You have a veritable time capsule here.

M. E. MURRAY  
Syracuse, N.Y.

I RECENTLY PURCHASED the premier copy of your magazine for my grandmother, who has been ill. I am 16, and we both enjoyed it very much.

DEVANIE M. ANDERSON  
Yreka, Calif.

### Below the Equator

I CONGRATULATE YOU ON your magazine, mainly because your approach is to record what was good and

Memories  
1219 Broadway  
New York

Box 102, 16th Feb. 1981

Dear Sir or Madam,

Tim. It's 4:30 am  
I'm tiptoeing around  
the grocery store  
Memories husband  
Catching up



## PHOTO FINISH

# Taking a Chance on Love

In Las Vegas, risky business isn't limited to slot machines and gaming tables. Sometimes Cupid rolls the dice, tempting couples to put their matrimonial cards on the table. With two dozen wedding chapels and a minimum of red tape, Las Vegas makes it easy to take a chance on love.

PHOTOS BY LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



MAY 1, 1967: The King, **Elvis Presley**, chose as his Queen **Priscilla Beaulieu**, the Army officer's daughter he met in Germany eight years before. A daughter, Lisa Marie, was born the following year, but the marriage ended in 1973.



NOV. 13, 1965: Judy Garland and her soon-to-be fourth husband, actor **Mark Herron**, filed an application for their license. The marriage lasted less than two years.



JUNE 14, 1963: Allen Ludden, the popular television host (*Password*, *G.E.'s College Bowl*), hugged new wife **Betty White**. The union lasted until Ludden's death at 63 in 1981.



JAN. 10, 1958: Sammy Davis Jr. and **Loray White** toasted their marriage with champagne. The two were divorced the following year.

JULY 19, 1966: Frank Sinatra, then 49, cut the wedding cake with his 20-year-old third wife, **Mia Farrow**. The marriage ended in divorce two years later.

JAN. 1, 1958: Paul Newman acted on one New Year's resolution by taking **Joanne Woodward** as his second wife. The couple have three daughters.

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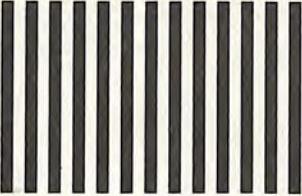
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